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Yugoslavs Lift Travel Ban

Belgrade, June 30.
Yugoslavia today lifted travel restrictions on all foreign residents and tourists, except those from Communist countries. They will now enjoy the same freedom of movement as diplomats, who have been able to move at will anywhere in the country except in a 10-mile strip along the border. The ban on travel still applies to diplomats and citizens of Russia and those Communist states, who do not allow freedom of movement to Yugoslavs in their countries.—Reuter.

STALIN'S HEART ATTACK

Salem, Massachusetts, June 30.
Colonel Roland Estey, a former American Army officer, wrote today in the Salem Evening News that Generalissimo Josef Stalin, the Prime Minister of Soviet Russia, had a heart attack on June 2 while on a plane flight to Chuvash and had to be taken back to Moscow.

Chuvash is the capital of a Soviet autonomous republic in Central Russia, about 300 miles east of Moscow.

Colonel Estey, a former officer of the United States Office of Strategic Services (OSS) said that he received the information from sources in Europe and he turned it over to the United States Intelligence Agency.

Colonel Estey stated that he had received a letter on June 21 from Europe containing the message: "Watch Formosa or China (Korea) before July 1".

He added that his friend had the information six days before the aggression, leading to the belief that the Communists in Northern Korea "jumped the gun".—Reuter.

French Air Disaster

Toulouse, June 30.
France's biggest airplane, the giant four-engine "Armagnac" transport, crashed and burned near here today, killing two crew members and injuring eight.—United Press.

EDITORIAL

Exchange Of Pleasantries

BELIEF that the Soviet's persistent needling of the Western world permits of any device or stratagem short of a shooting war appears to be confirmed to some extent by Moscow's Note in response to the Truman challenge over Korea. It follows the set pattern in Communist diplomacy, an attempt to force the blame on other shoulders, a denial of responsibility, conspiracy or complicity, a bland assertion that a traditional principle of Russian policy is non-interference in the internal affairs of other States, but it is couched in terms strongly indicating that Russia has no relish for the idea of a war, at least not at a time not of her own choosing. Fears that the West might be confronted with a situation compelling resort to arms have visibly receded. The key phrase of the Moscow Note is not concerned with apportionment of blame or the legality of the Security Council's decision to impose military sanctions against North Korea. It lies in the words: The Soviet Government is adhering to the principle of the non-admission of interference by foreign Powers in the internal affairs of Korea. That professes, presumably, to roundly condemn the United States for supporting South Korea's resistance to the calculated aggression of the North, but it also conveys, what is vitally important, that the Soviet has no intention of direct participation in the collision of forces. It is certainly a far cry from the rumour maliciously circulated in Hongkong on Thursday morning for the pur-

pose of rigging the gold or share market, an event which has been repeated so often recently that Special Branch activity needs to be encouraged and sharp penalties reserved for those to whom responsibility can be traced. Spreading alarm or despondency is a serious offence under Emergency Regulations, and in these days of grave political crisis, there is clear warrant for stern enforcement, particularly against those who are seeking to profit thereby. However, if the chances of a Third World War have diminished, it does not follow that Josef Stalin will idly look on at the Korean scene, or entirely disregard President Truman's proclamation, virtually, creating a protectorate or trusteeship over Formosa. The struggle in Korea today is in a most critical stage and the Chou En-lai castigation of the American decision to prevent the invasion of Taiwan indicates which way the wind is blowing. Absence of any evidence that Russians are manning Korean tanks or planes does not mean that "dictator-advisers" are not closely engaged and are not daily receiving clear instructions from Moscow. The American admission that the casualty toll among the Southern Koreans has been exceedingly high, and that large numbers are exhausted by ceaseless operations, allows no illusion that Soviet-American exchange of pleasantries has averted disaster. The situation remains pregnant with possibilities, largely unpredictable. Every move in the game still requires most careful watching.

LONDON VIEWS CHOU STATEMENT AS IMPORTANT

London, June 30.
Official quarters on Friday attached great significance to the assertion by the Chinese Communist foreign minister, Chou En-lai, that President Truman's provision of naval protection for Formosa was "an act of aggression against China."

Egypt Refuses Support

Lake Success, June 30.
Egypt today refused to support the Security Council in military sanctions against Red Korea.

The chief Egyptian delegate, Mahmoud Fawzi Bey, told the Council he would have abstained in Tuesday's vote if he had received instructions in time.

In Cairo, the Prime Minister, Nahas Pasha, announced that Egypt would abstain in any Council vote today on the Korean conflict.

Fawzi Bey told the Council: "The conflict under consideration is, in fact, but a new phase of the carried diversions between the Western and Eastern blocs—divisions which threaten world peace and security. There are several cases of aggression on people and violations of the sovereignty and unity of territory of states which are members of the United Nations. Such aggression and violations have been submitted to the United Nations, which did not take any action to put an end to them as it did in the case of Korea."

This was an obvious allusion to the United Nations' failure to order sanctions in the Palestine war.

A move for efforts to mediate in the dispute appeared to be building up. Non-permanent members of the Security Council held an informal meeting this morning. Only Egypt of the "Little Six" was absent as Cuba, Ecuador, India, Norway and Yugoslavia met to discuss the possibilities of mediation.—United Press.

Officials said since the United Nations had made no decision regarding Formosa, Britain's position was not at present clear. Prime Minister Clement Attlee indicated in Parliament on Thursday that the British naval forces operating under General MacArthur were only in assistance in Korea. Official sources said the big question now was whether a Communist attack on Formosa would find the British naval forces aligned with the United States Fleet. Such an eventuality, it was agreed, would shatter the last hopes for an establishment of diplomatic relations between Britain and the Peking regime.

Officials said this situation would be reflected in the voting at the July 3 meeting of the United Nations Economic and Social Council in Geneva, where it is expected that little more will be heard from the British delegate concerning Communist China's membership.

These officials pointed out that the United States and the Commonwealth countries supporting United Nations intervention in Korea now "face grave decisions" in the Far East. They said hopes that the United Nations' appeal and direct United States action would induce the North Koreans to withdraw from their adventure was fading and giving way to "wider issues" involved. Officials said that all countries participating in the direct intervention in Korea are "in constant consultation," and that a decision may be taken to send in ground forces if air and naval cover and the supply of munitions fail to restore the battle in Southern Korea.—United Press.

Less Fatigued

Pretoria, June 30.
Field Marshal Jan Smuts, former South African Premier, who has been ill with pneumonia, had a "comfortable day" and was "less fatigued" this evening, according to a medical bulletin.—Reuter.

Spy Suspect Held



David Greenglass, 28, of New York, leaves Federal Court handcuffed and escorted by officials after being held on charges of conspiring to transmit atomic energy information. The former U.S. Army sergeant who worked on the Los Alamos, New Mexico "A" bomb project, is being held on bail pending trial.—(London Express Service)

Targets Allotted U.S. Air Force

Washington, June 30.
The United States Air Force has been allotted specific targets in North Korea, a Defence Department spokesman announced today.

He declined to give the locations but said that the Air Force had been given authority to attack fuel dumps and other recognised military targets.

The spokesman added that there was no limitation on targets in North Korea except that they were of military use.

The spokesman emphasised that the Air Force would not cross the Manchurian border.

He said that the head of the North Korean armoured thrust

south of the Han River was reported to be about half way between Seoul and Suwon.

Army officials here have heard no recent news about the status of Incheon, main seaport for Seoul, but according to last reports the port was still in South Korean hands.

The United States Navy reported that two more merchant ships had left Korea with evacuees. But it had received no new reports of naval operations.—Reuter.

Appeal Made By Britain

London, June 30.
Britain has appealed to the Soviet Government to co-operate in securing a settlement of the Korean conflict.

The appeal was made to the Soviet Government by the British Ambassador in Moscow, Sir David Kelly, who called at the Russian Foreign Office yesterday, the Foreign Office announced today.

Sir David Kelly saw M. Pavlov, the head of the Second European Division in the absence of the Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, M. Andrei Gromyko, who was busy at the time.

A Foreign Office spokesman said that Sir David Kelly made an oral statement to M. Pavlov and did not hand him a note. M. Pavlov undertook to convey the message to M. Gromyko.

The direct British appeal to Moscow is in line with a similar appeal made by a note by the United States Government a few days ago.

Last night, in a formal reply to the United States, the Soviet Government reiterated its view that the fighting in Korea arose from an invasion from the South against the North.—Reuter.

NOT FULL-SCALE

Washington, June 30.
General Omar Bradley, Chairman of the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff, told Reuter today that the decision to use certain supporting ground units in Korea did not necessarily mean the full-scale use of ground troops, including, for instance, infantry and tanks.

General Bradley said: "I cannot reveal what troops, referred to by the President in his statement, will be used without revealing where they are."

He pointed out that ground forces were already in service in Korea in the form of communications and signal units.

News that American troops were on their way to Korea came from the Secretary of Defence, Mr. Louis Johnson, who told reporters that the President's new order was already in operation.

FOUR DIVISIONS

General MacArthur's Far Eastern army of 123,500 includes four divisions. They are the First Cavalry Division—an infantry division despite its name—the Seventh Infantry Division, the 24th Infantry Division, and the 25th Infantry Division.

General R. Lawton Collins, the Army's Chief of Staff, said after a recent visit to the area that Far Eastern American troops were in a high state of readiness and training.

Ground troops are stationed in Japan, Okinawa and other islands of the Ryuku chain and the Philippines.

Following the White House announcement, an Army spokesman said that all troops in the Far East Command had been alerted.—Reuter.

N. Korean Tanks Sweep Forward

FIRST U.S. GROUND TROOPS LEAVE SECRET JAP BASES

Washington, June 30.
Communist tanks swept forward to only 12 miles from the American advance headquarters at Suwon tonight after shattering the main South Korean defence line on the Han River. A Washington Defence Department spokesman reported this only a few hours after President Truman ordered "certain" United States ground troops into action against the invaders.

Some American troops are already on their way. The spokesman said that British naval forces were expected to join American naval forces operating in the North Korean theatre tomorrow and Sunday.

Forty to 50 Northern tanks burst through the Han River line which General Douglas MacArthur, Supreme Allied Commander, Pacific, had ordered to be held "at any cost" — after a bitter struggle by battered South Korean divisions.

President Truman also authorised American warplanes to attack bases in North Korea and ordered a blockade of the entire Korean coast.

The Washington spokesman emphasised that American planes would not cross the Manchurian border.

He said that the South Koreans were rallying and it was hoped that they might stem the advance.—Reuter.

U.S. TROOPS LEAVE

Tokyo, June 30.
The first American troops for combat in Korea have already left secret Japanese bases.

Their movements and strength are hidden behind a wartime security curtain, but they are believed to be anti-tank gunners and engineers intended to bolster South Korean defence at its weakest point in meeting armoured attacks.

Tokyo links more and more like a war zone with convoys of trucks rumbling through the streets escorted by police jeeps with wailing sirens.

The American forces are thought to be on their way to Suwon, General MacArthur's advance headquarters 23 miles south of the Han River.

Armour and infantry smashed across the river early today to break the main South Korean defence line.

Battered Southern divisions were ordered to hold the line "at all cost" by General Douglas MacArthur.

Tokyo headquarters said that the invaders had got 40 to 50 armoured vehicles over the quarter-mile wide river and sent them rushing south.

SOUTH REGROUPING

Meanwhile American Superforts and fighters roared over Korea under orders to seek out and destroy the Northern air forces of Russian-built Yaks and its "nests" wherever they are found.

General MacArthur took the decision yesterday.

South Korean forces are regrouping to try to retake the Han River bridgeheads.

Armour could use the narrow road from Seoul to Suwon but the land on either side is mainly paddylfields.

Tanks are the key to the battle for South Korea.

Major-General E.N. Almond, General MacArthur's Chief of Staff, said today that the Southerners were as good as

the Communist infantry but were terrified of armour, which they thought of as "great, big bits of steel you can't touch."

When the Southerners brought up anti-tank guns "they forgot their armour piercing ammunition," he said. They gave up when the first couple of rounds of high explosive shells "just bounced off" invading tanks.

JET SHOT DOWN

Another American General said that tanks caused panic among South Korean troops evacuating Seoul.

North Korean Yaks this afternoon attacked Suwon airstrip, used by the Americans, according to airmen returning to Itazuke airbase, South Japan.

An American jet fighter was shot down over Seoul by North Korean anti-aircraft guns while straining rail yards.

American B29s bombed targets along the Han River east and west of Seoul, hitting barges and troop concentrations as well as tanks, convoys and road intersections, a communiqué from General MacArthur's headquarters announced.

Incomplete reports showed that about 30 trucks were destroyed along with two locomotives and an undetermined number of goods wagons.

About 10 to 15 tanks were also destroyed by strafing planes.

The bombers were covered by elements of the Fifth Air Force. Naval ships have been bombed in the North Korean landings on the east coast, but no word has been received here of results.

34 FLIGHTS

Before midnight on Thursday, Korean time, United States aircraft attacked targets in the Seoul-Uijongbu-Yongpyong area, including warehouses, troop concentrations and road and rail communications.

Uijongbu lies 12 miles north of Seoul, former South Korean capital.

Five North Korean fighters

were destroyed and one "probable" was claimed.

Total enemy aircraft claimed by the Americans is 12 planes destroyed, five probables and three damaged.

Thirty-four missions were flown on Thursday by jet fighters, Mustangs, B26 light bombers and B29 Superfortresses.

Fifty-six lorries, 10 railway box wagons and five tanks of unspecified types were reported to have been destroyed.

An Air Force spokesman said that weather conditions over the battle line during the next 36 hours were expected to be fairly good.—Reuter.

BILL PASSED

Washington, June 30.
The United States Senate today passed President Truman's \$1,222,500,000 global Arms-for-Africa bill which includes \$10,000,000 for aid to South Korea and the Philippines.

It would also authorise \$1,000,000,000 to strengthen the military defences of the North Atlantic Pact nations against any Russian attack and \$75,000,000 for the non-Communist general area of China.

The measure now goes to the House of Representatives where quick action is expected because of the international tension.

Today's vote was 60 to nil.—Reuter.

BRIND STATEMENT

Singapore, June 30.
The British Pacific Fleet has moved to Korean and has already taken part in operations.

Admiral Sir Patrick Brind, Commander-in-Chief, Far East, said here, according to the Straits Times.

He declined to comment further when asked whether the Fleet "had been in action."

He said, in a statement reported to have been given on his arrival from Hongkong today, that while co-operating with the Americans in Korean waters the Fleet was still covering its commitments in Hongkong.—Reuter.



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MEN ON THE MOON



This is the crater Harpalus on the moon, recreated in Hollywood for the semi-documentary Eagle-Lion film *Destination Moon*. It follows scientifically a painting made by artist Chesley Bonestell from telescope photos taken at Mt. Wilson Observatory.



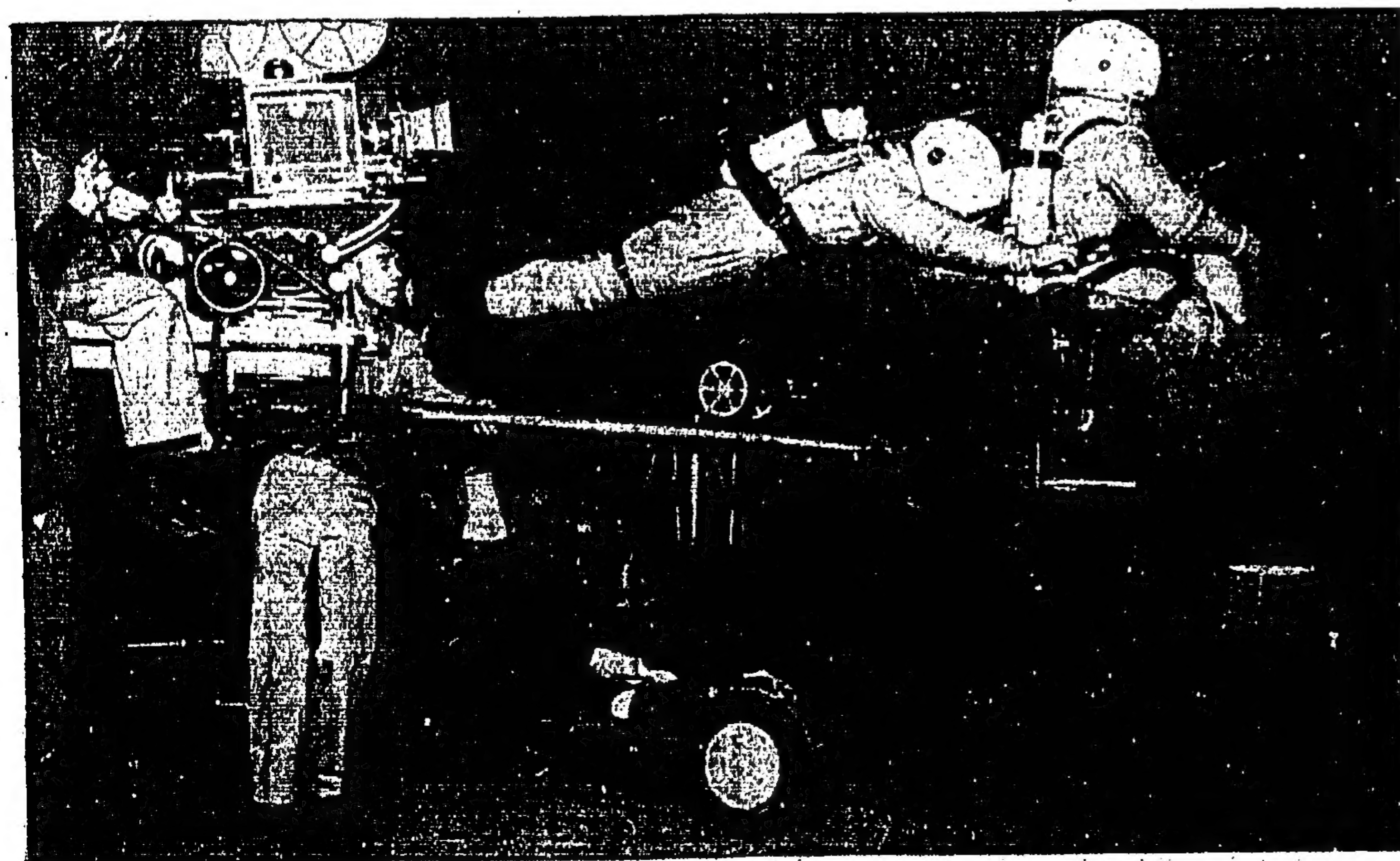
SPACE SHIPS of the future will have upholstered troughs instead of flat bunks for sleeping. Crewmen who fail to strap themselves in will float around upon moving.

ONE of man's most ambitious dreams—a trip to the moon and back—may no longer be considered an idle one. Scientists and rocket experts, following experiments with improved versions of captured Nazi V-2's, believe that flights in space—15,000 miles up and higher—are not far off. "In spite of scoffers," says Brig. Gen. Harry G. Armstrong, commandant of the school of Aviation Medicine at Randolph Field, Texas, "space flight is nearly here and we've got to be ready for it. Space craft must essentially be adapted for the crews that will man them. Space medicine has the job of determining what conditions men will meet and what requirements the engineers must fulfill."

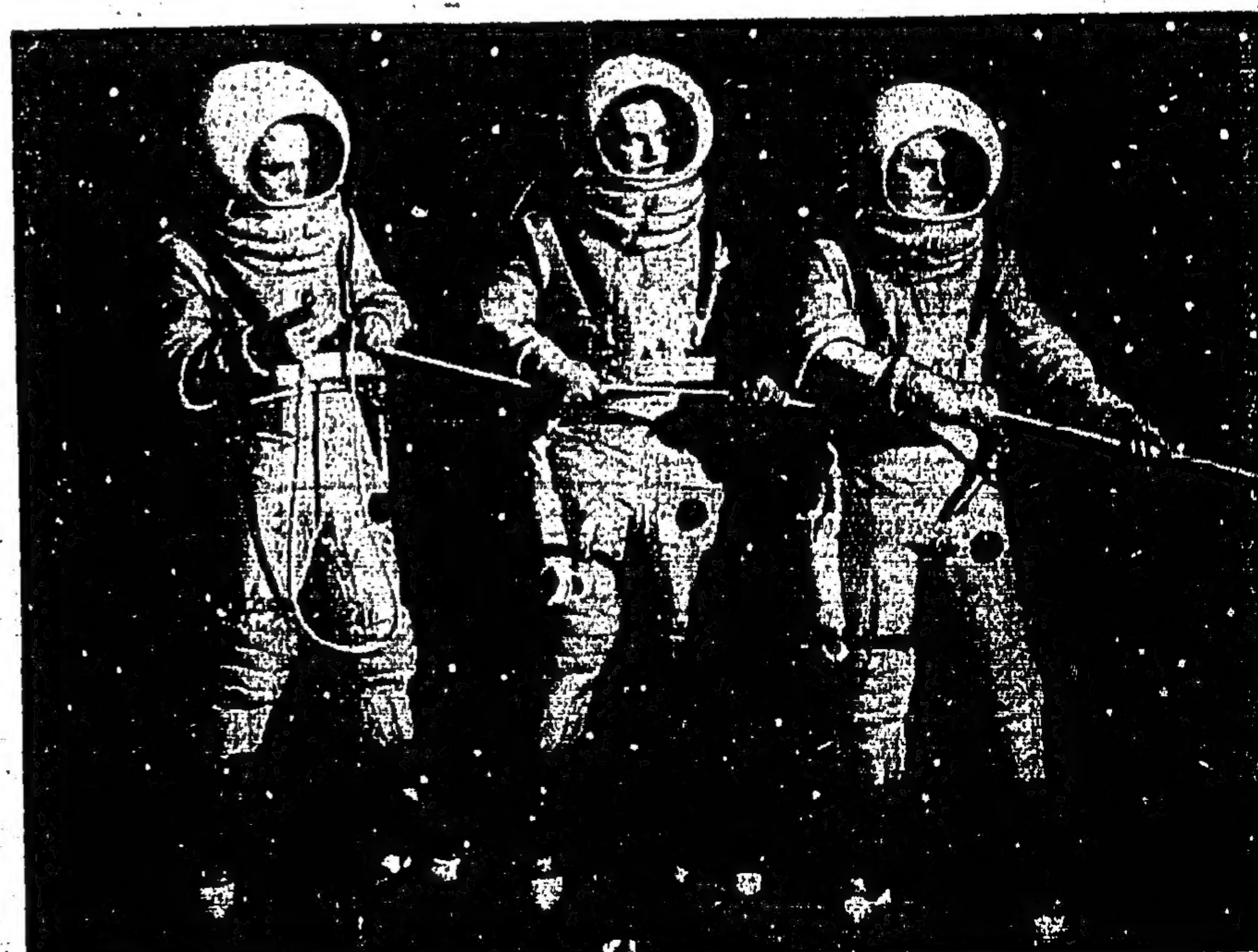
One of the chief problems crews would encounter on the way to the moon would be that of reduced gravity. People rocketing through space would be literally weightless. It would be impossible to drink from a cup since there would be no weight to keep the liquid inside a container. A pump would be needed to push the liquid into the mouth. A space flyer would have to chain himself to some part of the craft. If he didn't, any movement would send him floating through the air in the ship.



ON A HUGE SOUND STAGE, a film crew prepares to photograph a scene on the "moon." The set is 193 feet long by 100 feet wide and is surrounded by a velvet backdrop, hung in a semi-circle, 393 feet long. In front of this, to simulate a starry sky, 2,500 auto headlight bulbs were strung on invisible wire.



DRAPES OF BLACK VELVET and wires invisible to the camera made it possible for actors to "float in space." After landing on the moon, scientists say, men could carry heavy equipment with ease for the moon's gravitational pull is just about one-sixth that on the earth.



SPECIALY-CONSTRUCTED AIR SUITS would help men to breathe on the moon. Some scientists believe it possible that first explorers of moon could seal up a cave, fill it with manufactured air and prolong their stay.

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

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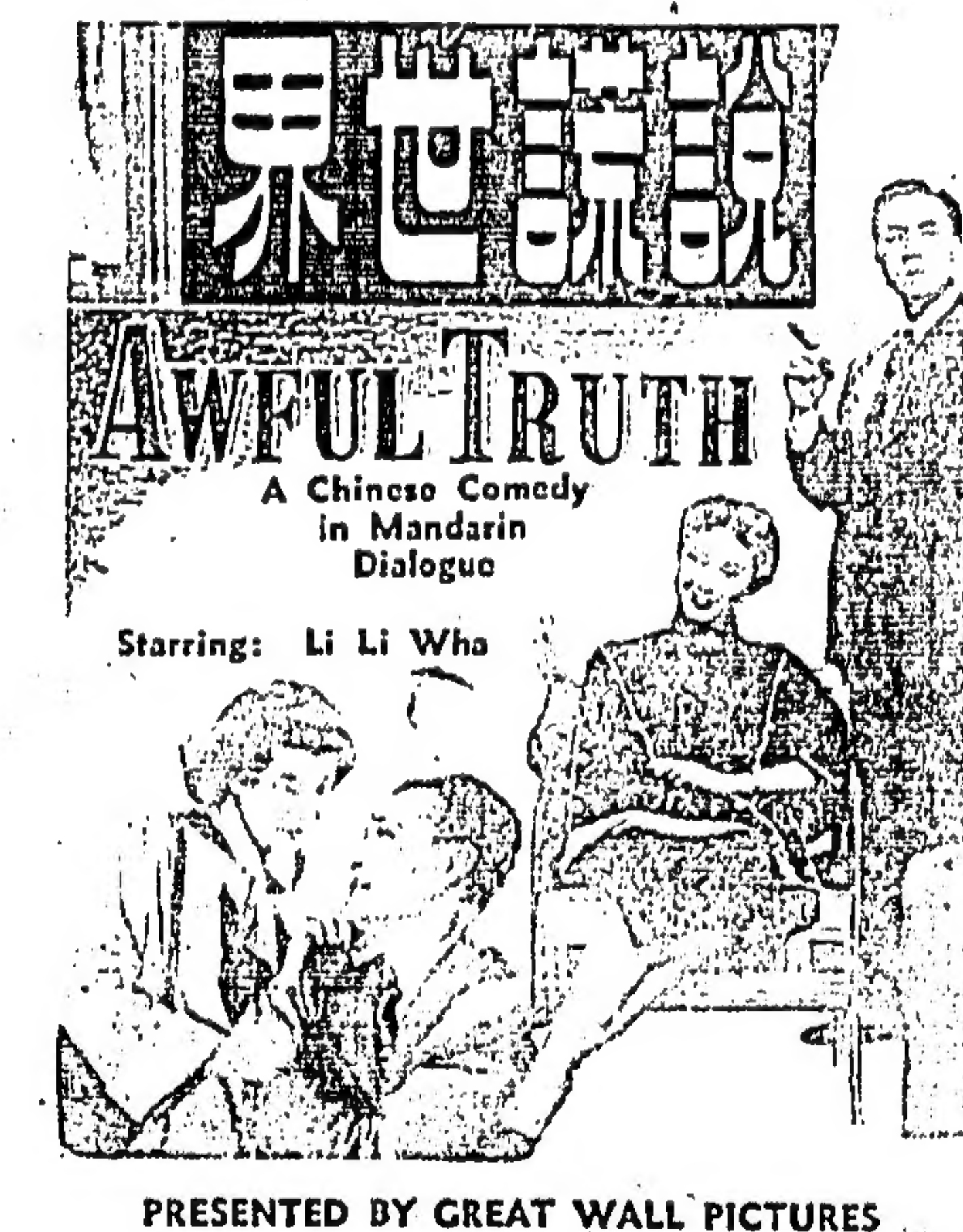
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ANY MORE FOR THE GUILLOTINE?

Niven's Pimpernel film waits for the verdict from Goldwyn by HAROLD CONWAY

WHAT NEWS of that very "Elusive Pimpernel"—which Powell and Pressburger began making for the Korda company over a year ago?

I hear that the revised version is now ready; and that Sam Goldwyn will be asked to



PREVIEW: David Niven, Margaret Leighton in "The Elusive Pimpernel."

see it privately before he leaves London. Why Goldwyn? Because he was the cause of the Pimpernel's hold-up. Goldwyn has an option on the American rights, but threatened one of his "include me out" acts when he saw the first completed version.

After transatlantic tension between Goldwyn and David Niven and Margaret Leighton were taken back to the studios and

put to work again for second-thought scenes.

When Goldwyn was asked about "The Elusive Pimpernel" at a Press Conference, he pulled a wry face and retorted: "Let's not talk about it, shall we?"

The amended—and by now costly—production is due for London showing next month, whatever the Goldwyn verdict about America. I have not yet seen a worthless Powell and Pressburger picture, and I'll back their judgment. Even against the Great Sam himself.

Why be idle?

MARGARET LEIGHTON must nearly have forgotten her Lady Blakeney role in the Pimpernel film—she has done so much since. At the beginning of July she leaves the cast of "The Cocktail Party" Irene Worth (American born) returns from the Broadway company to take up her original role.

Why is Miss Leighton leaving? To return to her film contract with Sir Alexander Korda. Has Korda any pressing new film role for her? No.

"It was arranged at the start of the play," she said, "I never knew—we might suddenly find a role for her."

If an actress of Margaret Leighton's calibre steps out of a big stage success to allude for weeks it seems to me a case of planning carried to excess.

Bridie's new look

GLYNIS JOHNS, another first-rate Korda contract star returns from stage to screen.

Londale's "The Way Things Go" in which he is appearing, comes off towards the end of July after the surprisingly short run of five months.

Miss Johns' next film job may be in an adaptation of James Bridie's "A Sleeping Clergyman"—which Anatole de Gruenwald is hoping to make.

It would be the first Bridie play to be screened—under the more screen-like title of "Flesh and Blood."

In the last West End revival of "A Sleeping Clergyman," Margaret Leighton played two roles. Glynis Johns will also play two roles in the film version, if it is made—but not the same two. The story is being changed round quite a bit.

Miss Johns is due to go to New York in September to play in the Broadway production of the Londale play. If that time-table is adhered to, she would have a rush job in the film studio.

But Mr Londale, who went head to New York to arrange the production, is back in London. I hear there has been a disagreement between the author and the American management—about how "The Way Things Go" should go on Broadway.

Breakers ahead?

QUESTION being asked by theatrical know-hows after the triumphant first-night of "Seagulls Over Sorrento?" Will this British nava, comedy-drama (and some of it's thunder prepared for Mister Roberts—due in at the London Coliseum from Broadway next month?)

The British play shows a group of sailors in isolated surroundings, bored with the inactivity—and their very good humour disturbed by an overbearing Petty Officer.

PECK-A-BOO



Actor Gregory Peck with his wife and children peek at the cameraman upon their return to New York from England. Peck just completed a new picture over there for an American company.

THE DANCING GIRL AND THE FILM CONTRACT

Moira Shearer gets away with it

Moira Shearer, the ballet's young red-head, is still without top-star status at Covent Garden. But she is very much a star in the film studios.

This month she starts work on "her second film," "Tales of Hoffman," at Shepperton. Five weeks to

We can do with some excitement in our studios after a dullish patch.

Mr Greene tries again

Basil Dean took a British company across the Atlantic earlier this year to play a stage version of Graham Greene's West African story, "The Heart of the Matter."

After a 10-night try-out in Boston, managers Oscar Hammerstein and Richard Rodgers took it off. The company returned sadly home.

But that was not the end of the matter for Mr Dean. When Hammerstein and Rodgers arrived in London for the production of their own show, "Carousel," a brand-new script of Graham Greene's story was awaiting them.

Now the original scenery, lying in New York town, is to be brought over to England and the play staged here during the autumn. If the new version goes well, Messrs H. and R., accompanied by Mr Dean, will then take the company back to Broadway.

Now this is what I call a thorough try-out.

Jerome Korn's Ghost

Hammerstein and Rodgers tell me they are planning a big new show based on the music Jerome Korn left behind when he died five years ago.

Korn was Hammerstein's partner in such successes as "Show Boat" and "Music in the Air." They also wrote together "Three Sisters"—which failed as badly at Drury Lane as it was never produced in America.

Some of that "Three Sisters" music—among the finest Korn ever composed—will be heard in the new show. But this time Hammerstein will let someone else provide the words.

Most probable librettists will be Herbert and Dorothy Fields, who wrote the story of "Annie Get Your Gun." Hammerstein and Rodgers will produce and present the new Korn show, but take no part in the writing. A nice tribute to their old colleague. They should also make a nice lot of money out of it.

Perish the thought

Is my face red? It should be I suppose.

Here have I been complaining about Hollywood stars being brought over to act in English roles in our studios—now here is Hollywood taking Viven Leigh over there to play that bell of America's Deep South, Blanche Du Bois in the film of "A Streetcar Named Desire."

Fine. Have reports whispered that Miss Leigh's contract is due only to the insistence of the play's Broadway director, Elia Kazan, who will also direct the film? Perish the thought.—H. C.

(London Express Service)

£200,000 is the limit

Michael Powell—the director whose occasional displeasure has been known to strike fear even into Hollywood stars—is obligingly shaping the entire production of "Hoffman" to fit Miss Shearer's timetable.

"Hoffman" has to be made for a little money at most—certainly not a penny more than £200,000. (That other ballet picture, "The Red Shoes," cost £350,000.)

Backing for it comes from Mr Harold Wilson's Film Finance Corporation. A watchful accountant's eye will be focused on "Hoffman."

For all its economy touch, "his picture—well, it's an opera and ballet, with Sir Thomas Beecham as musical director—will be the most exciting British production of 1950.

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"THE SECRET LIFE OF WATER MITTY" R.K.O. Radio Film

It is not often a movie deserves a personal endorsement. In this case we do not hesitate to say that

HOME OF THE BRAVE

is a "GREAT" picture.

THE DIRECTORS,

ROXY & LIBERTY THEATRES

This place left me breathless!

by TREVOR EVANS

THE narrow strip between the sea and the rounded hills which lock away the coal valleys of Mid-Glamorgan is almost ready to show the world a £50,000,000 dream.

It is the biggest job in Britain—a breathtaking steel project which stretches 4½ miles from Port Talbot to the sand dune fringes of Murgam Abbey.

The place has been three years a-growing and will take another 18 months to complete. But before this summer is out, the first mammoth unit will be handed over to the craftsmen in building to the craftsmen in steel.

And then what?

THRILL

ONE million tons of steel a year is the final target. One million tons! Enough steel sheets to end the shortage in the motor-car factories. Enough tinplate to end the shortages in the canneries.

Enough... but here George Strauss, the Supply Minister, chips in. Excess production from Murgam, he said, goes to the men with export orders. But the thrill of it all, the achievement of it all, is Britain's. And the rewards cannot be far behind.

My guide, ex-Army major Godfrey Walker, normally severely reticent, has a touch of the over-enthusiast when standing near the deep sea-basin where the ore steels come in from North Africa, Spain, Sweden.

He was reciting unglamorous statistics about a 23ft. blast furnace, when suddenly he stopped. "Hello," he murmured, mainly to himself, "that wasn't there last week."

He pointed, with an awe which the visitor can share, to sections of great overhead conveyors which carry ore from the docks, coke from the ovens, and limestone from the railway. Says to the furnaces. The whole thing like a switchback transferred from some giant's fun fair.

MAJESTY

ON the Abbey site, where the greatest and newest extensions have been made, the full majesty of the project may be glimpsed. Little more than three years ago this was 550 acres of marshland and sandhills.

Look at it now, over my shoulder. See the mixer and molting shop, the slab stripper and soaking pits, slitting mill, repair depot, power station, water-towers—names which mean nothing to the layman.

Then you hear that it is linked by 100 miles of internal railways, and the immensity takes on some meaning.

"Shed" and "shop" are names too commonplace for such cathedral-like buildings. These are the largest all-welded structures in the world.

Why, when you stand at one end of the continuous strip mill, you can barely see the other end. And no wonder! It is three-quarters of a mile away.

LOOK UP!

STAND now in the melting shop, and look at this battery of eight furnaces. From each one 200 tons of molten steel will be tapped in a single operation. A gentle whirling like a neighbour's motor car being revved distracts us. Look up—the whole roof seems to be moving.

It is a travelling crane which clutches 300 tons as easily as a baby clutches a rattle. The girders carrying these monsters were all made here on the site.

Now out into the open again, along a 32-foot wide boulevard of concrete which links the two biggest mills. A mile long—perfect for a race track—symbolic of all this vastness.

ARCHITECT

WHO thought of it all? Who started it? Who deserves credit for being the head back-room boy? No one here will tell. The Steel Company of Wales—the men behind it—was formed only four years ago by four famous Welsh steel companies.

They pooled resources worth £10,000,000.

Architect of the merger was undoubtedly Mr Ernest Lever, ex-Prudential chief who moved into the chairmanship of Richard Thomas and Baldwins in the mid-thirties. Now Mr Lever is chairman of the Steel Company of Wales.

His company bought from America all the dollars needed for the scheme soon after the company was formed. This foresight saved more than a million dollars—because they were unaffected by devaluation. Further, it kills any notion in American minds that this plant is paid for by Marshall aid.

A group of three men on the board carry the burden of

development and production. Mr Julian Pade, the managing director—still in his forties, though his silvery, wavy hair is maitre d'hotel—looks after the commercial side.

Mr Fred Cartwright, also in his forties, regards the great Abbey works as his special "baby." He is the general manager of the company's steel division. He looks more of a poet than a steel chief.

Cartwright gives the biggest "medal" for the impressive appearance of the Abbey works to Sir Stanley Adams, one of the consulting architects. "Never known a man have so many brainwaves," he adds.

Captain Leighton Davies—brisk and staccato despite his big, comfortable appearance—completes the trio. He is concerned with the deepest problem of all.

When these works get going, there will be redundant workers throughout the old tinplate belt—"not fewer than 10,000, not more than 18,000," Cartwright estimates.

INCENTIVE

WHAT will happen to them? Captain Davies explains the "labour fund" created by the tinplate trade to help those who cannot be found work.

There is a penny levy on every box of tinplates produced now. It has grown to a self-help fund of more than £250,000. Security for tomorrow is the incentive for today.

The harder the industry works now, the more it produces, and the bigger the fund gets.

It took courage to start this works at all. The Socialists had been in two years before work started. The Government was committed to nationalization of steel. Yet the project went on.

No one mentioned this when I was down there. There was too much else to talk about and to show-off, with a contagious pride which swamps political differences.

(London Express Service)

There never was a party like this...

LAST summer a famous actress invited a group of friends to an elaborate dinner party at her Long Island home. With the exception of her lawyer no one showed up, and at 10 o'clock that night she suffered a heart attack and died.

by BILLY ROSE

The obituary notices made no mention of the party which no one attended for the very good reason that the actress kept about it. But he told me the whole story and gave me permission to use it, provided I didn't identify the actress by name.

Harriet Reeves—to give her a name several syllables removed from her own—was an actress who had come up the hard way and acquired a lot of hard ways on route, such as stealing scenes and marches on other actors.

Even more than her tantrums, however, the thing that embittered everyone around her was her blithe way of making promises and her blither way of breaking them. Her stock excuse was that she was forgetful, but as a columnist of the period pointed out, she never forgot to ask for an unreasonable percentage of the plays she appeared in.

As her slights and oversights continued to pile up, people assumed they were due to deliberate meanness—and for the first few years they were. Then a curious thing happened—her forgetfulness, at first ironic and the actress became so much a victim of her own mental untidiness that she couldn't even remember the things she wanted to.

In her middle 50's her heart began to do nip-ups, and under doctor orders she retired. She had plenty of money and so life was comfortable enough, but by this time everyone in the theatre hated her with a hatred which didn't even bother to be cordial and so life was lonely enough, too.

A year ago last April her birthday came and went without so much as a friendly flower or phone call, and that night, brooding about it, she had a heart attack. The physician who examined her told her bluntly that her chances of living out the year were none too good—and advised her to

GILES... reads between the goal-posts



"The Tories ought to stop these footballers coming back saying there are countries worse off than England." (London Express Service)

IS WINSTON REALLY AFTER THE DERBY?

By JOSEPH GARRITY

HAVE you ever been on Epsom Downs at eight in the morning? Then you know how bright and brittle the weather can be, like a canvas by Sir Alfred Munnings.

And you know how it can rain, when it wants to. But, rain or shine, you may occasionally see a cheery old gentleman of 76 standing at the rail. He is watching the horses at trial gallops. Or, rather, he is watching one of them, his own.

The disguise will not fool you for long. Behind the grey hom-

burg, the check suit, the spotted bow tie, you will readily detect the famous orator, writer, statesman.

On this occasion, however, he is Mr W. S. Churchill, racehorse owner.

A newly acquired alias this, but a formidable one just the same. Here is no wealthy politician indulging a equestrian whim.

When he registered the pink and chocolate colours of his racing father, Lord Randolph Churchill, two years ago, there were polite and condescending smiles.

But just when did this man Churchill embark in anything he was not prepared to do thoroughly?

That brick wall

THERE is, for example, that brick wall he built at Chartwell Manor. It was not only an exercise in bricklaying, but something to grow fruit against. It still stands firmly.

Now it looks as if his racing reputation will be as firm.

Racing horses is an expensive affair. It was not until the publication of his war books that he was able to gratify an old ambition—to follow the deep love of his father and own a string.

The Churchill string is at the moment small, but it is noteworthy.

There are Colonel II, his sister Cybeline, and the two-year-old with a name in character for the rugged old fighter who owns him—Canyon Kid.

If Colonel had won the Ascot Gold Cup, his value would have shot to 50,000 guineas. And Churchill bought the horse a year ago for less than £2,000.

This is more than good fortune. It is the result of good judgment. In 11 months the victorious thoroughbred has won more than £2,200 in prizes.

So Mr Churchill means business.

"What's the occasion?" asked the lawyer.

"Nothing in particular," said Harriet. "It gets kind of lonely out here and I'd like to see some of my old friends."

That night the old actress wrote out invitations to dozens of theatre people with whom she had worked, during that she could get them all together she'd apologise for her thoughtlessness in the past and ask their forgiveness.

At eight o'clock on Saturday when the musicians arrived, the downstairs rooms were decorated with theatre posters of her past hits, and Harriet, in a sweeping black lace gown, was in the hallway with her lawyer waiting for the first guest to arrive.

At 10 o'clock she told the servant and musicians to help themselves to the food and drinks and, assisted by the attorney, began to climb the stairs to her bedroom.

"I can hardly blame them for not coming," she said, "I used to break plenty of dates myself."

Halfway up, she grabbed for the banister, and by the time her doctor arrived she was dead.

A few days later, when her lawyer made a routine check of the papers in her desk, he came across an ironic footnote to her lifetime of forgetfulness. It was the stack of invitations to the party which Harriet had stamped and addressed—but forgotten to post.

Colonel's five wins have shown him to be the most improved horse in training. He is so good, in fact, that Churchill has decided to enter him for the £20,000 Are do Triumphant at Longchamp, as well as the Gold Cup.

Sister Cybeline has been twice unplaced, but there are hopes for Canyon Kid. He is entered for the Two Thousand Guineas next year.

Good old Winnie!

EVERYTHING THIS extraordinary man touches is transmuted, by his remarkable energy and skill, into success.

There were those who thought that the old man's fabled venture was little more than an astute political move to keep alive his wartime popularity.

But if Mr Gerald O'Brien, Press officer for the Tory Party, had hit upon such an idea he could rightly have regarded it as a stroke of genius.

For Churchill has only to set foot on a racecourse to transform the proceedings into a delicious V-Day in miniature.

His every win, no matter how modest, is greeted as a classic victory. Up in the air go hats and sticks. Up in the air goes the familiar roar, "Good old Winnie!"

And if there is no win? Then it is still "Good old Winnie!"

That this sort of thing has its disadvantages. Irrespective of form, his horse is usually backed down to odds-on favourite by the heavy betting which thousands of loyal supporters lay.

But disadvantages or no, Churchill enters into the spirit of it all with the abandon of a boy flying his first kite.

Astute judge

HE IS AN astute judge of horseflesh, but is wise enough not to rely solely on his own judgment.

When he buys an animal, his Epsom trainer, Mr Walter

Nightingall, makes the selection. Then, accompanied by Captain Christopher Soames (his son-in-law and racing manager), Churchill gives final approval.

No absent owner, he visits the Epsom stables whenever he can, sating his avid curiosity in matters of feeding and form.

He is as happy watching one of his horses pouncing a carrot pulled from a Churchillian pocket as he is answering cheers with an upturned V-sign.

He has no favourite jockey. Both Hawcroft and Goring have worn the pink and chocolate.

WITNESS RIDES A Churchill horse can be certain that the old man will be there before and after the race with a smile, a hand-clasp.

And when politics make it impossible for Churchill the Statesman to become Churchill the racegoer, the telephone keeps him in touch with the course.

He was recovering from a chill in the South of France when telephone news of my littlecock. He was rich, versatile, and capable. All that he played at he played well, especially polo. At that he was the best in the world.

When war broke out Tommy became a United States Army officer. It was late 1942 that he came to America to let him at a Merlin engine into a Mustang plane. It raised the speed by 100 miles an hour, and made it the best fighter plane in the world. Tommy was killed flying.

Hives sent out the plans of the Merlin engine to America to Packards.

A licence was given to the firm to produce forthwith. Also 80,000,000 dollars of British money.

The Merlin engine came into full production in the United States just as the Americans came into the war. It was rated by them as "top."

There came another day when a new cry arose in Britain. This time it was for tanks.

Harold Nockolds, Motors Correspondent of the Times, has told what followed, in his book on Rolls-Royce aptly called "The Magic of a Name."

Hives was sent for and asked to produce an engine.

He retorted, "I have my hands full."

Pressed by Beverbrook, then Minister of Supply, he snapped back that if the Government really wanted tank as well as aircraft engines then Rolls-Royce wanted £1,000,000 placed to their credit—and "no interference!"

By telegram came the answer: "Hives, Rolls-Royce, Derby. The British Government has given you an open credit of one million pounds. This is a certificate of character and reputation without precedent or equal. Hivesbrook."

HE maintains a balance throughout the book, even while discussing such points as the "Infinite and the Finite," "Supreme Identity" and the "Problem of Evil." In the last are some interesting observations on the presence of evil in the world.

He likens it to a painting against which we are standing too close, so that only one small patch of colour can be seen at a time. "In our eternal sleep stand with the whole canvas in view. It is shadowy, but it is shadowy with light. We can only guess dimly at the perfect

Frank Owen

A name with Spitfire
magic shines through the list
of honours



THE Birthday Honours List, in peace, can seldom make a stirring story. It is the roll of the eminent, the worthy, and the persistent. I see in the latest list a name which shines as a star at night.

It is that of Ernest Walter Hives, managing director of Rolls-Royce.

He becomes a baron, but I doubt if the honour he has won will ever give him as much joy as the throbs of one of the engines he made.

The first time I saw Hives was at the Ministry of Aircraft Production in 1940. He looked like an engineer.

Some surgeons look like surgeons. Most soldiers look like soldiers. All actors look like actors. There was no mistaking what Hives was, either.

This man did three very remarkable things:—

(i) He developed the Rolls-Royce engine, which served first the Hurricane and then the Spitfire planes.

(ii) During the war he raised the Spitfire an extra 5,000ft. into the air, increased its speed by 60 miles per hour.

(iii) When the American-built Mustang plane fell short of its promise he re-equipped it with a Merlin engine, made it the deadliest fighter of all.

Well, I remember, what are you thinking now? Is it the call (or any of the calls) your political comrades are seeking?

Cockcock and his colleagues have drawn up a plan to nationalise all the building in Britain at any rate, all the BIG building.

They want to bring under Government control every successful constructional, civil engineering and contracting firm. They recognise that all the industries concerned could not possibly be handled, either by the present Ministry of Health, or even the Ministry of Works.

So they propose a new Ministry of Building. Phew!

Tomorrow's bread and butter IS a problem...

TRUMPETER! What are you sounding?

FIRST, it is no summons to rally to Sir Stafford Cripps and hold that Crimean redoubt known as the Wage-Freeze.

SECOND, it is no signal to reinforce Mr Herbert Morrison in his cautious approach march towards the Middle-Class.

THIRDLY, it is not the blarney call to Changel which Mr Aneurin Bevan used to make all along the capitalist front.

Dick Cockcock is 65. He has been in his present job for 30 years, in his trade for half a century. Dick doesn't still want to storm Heaven. He doubts now if he could build it here.

Sitting in his sunny Clapham office he said to me: "Of course, no single man, not even a body of men, could make a perfect plan even to rebuild Britain. We are not approaching the problem from that angle."

"All we are saying is this: We want to provide steady jobs for one million working members, and we think this is as good a method as any. If anyone knows of a better one...?"

"The principal circumstance which makes the Western mind respect metaphysical knowledge is that the cultures which value it do not 'show results'... they do not use their knowledge to perfect the manufacture of food, clothes, automobiles, vitamin pills, refrigerators and baths. The modern mind finds it hard to understand that... there are people who simply cannot share this exaggerated concern for physical well-being."

"When you know that life is eternal, you will be in no hurry to crowd as many sensations as possible into seventy years, and as a result you will appreciate sensations more keenly."

—Joan Erskine

THE WEST CAN LEARN FROM THE EAST

HOW often have you wondered what your true identity is? At some time or other all of us have pondered on the fascinating question of who we would have been if our fathers had married someone else. Why are we ourselves and not someone else? What would it be like to view the world through someone else's eyes?

Alan Watts, in his new book, "The Way of Zen" (Faber and Faber, 12s. 6d.), delves into the metaphysical doctrines of the West and the East. He says: "nothing is so profound an enigma as the internal mystery of man's own identity." But he poses a greater problem than this which has baffled thinkers through the ages. The theme of his book is that modern civilisation is in a state of chaos because its spiritual leadership has lost effective knowledge of man's true nature and destiny. He offers a new approach to the comparison of Oriental and

Western doctrine, and maintains that the Christian mind misunderstands Eastern thinkers through not recognising that although a different language is used, the same spiritual Reality is being discussed.

Alan Watts, now 33 years of age, was born and educated in England, and is a chaplain in the North-Western University in the United States. He writes with exceptional clarity on a subject that has caused many great philosophers to founder.

HE says, with little preamble, "The time has come for Christians to take the spiritual traditions of Asia seriously... to recognise that their presence among us is nothing less than providential."

He says, too, "While we have been trying to secure our political, economic and cultural powerfully invaded by the Orient in the realm of the mind... yet while thoughtful Westerners are agreed that we do have something to learn from the wisdom of the East, they are mostly of the opinion that

it is little more than a refining enrichment of our already far superior way of life. In view of the disastrous state into which our way of life seems to be leading, Western man's awareness of his spiritual and cultural superiority is amazing."

What is metaphysical knowledge? It is the actual experience or realisation of the principle and meaning of human life. It is a subject more misunderstood than any other, because of unfamiliarity. This kind of knowledge is alien to present Western civilisation, and the fact that a writer has had the temerity to embark upon an explanation of it is his credit.

He is fair to both sides. "In comparing cultures it is always fairly easy to get the best of either, and we do not deny that in traditional societies there may be found slums, filth, disease, cruelty and tyranny.... It is impossible and most ungracious to deny the very real benefits which Western science, and especially medicine, have bestowed on the human race. It is likewise possible to idealise the Orient in toto, and to overlook the

filth, disease and poverty in which so many millions of its peoples have lived."

Men who write the Karma Sutra (official Hindu doctrine on the art of marital love), made Chinese pottery, and built Gothic cathedrals, cannot be accused of contempt of material. On the other hand, says Mr Watts, the builders of Western civilisation have been accused of excessive reverence for material.

"The principal circumstance which makes the Western mind respect metaphysical knowledge is that the cultures which value it do not 'show results'... they do not use their knowledge to perfect the manufacture of food, clothes, automobiles, vitamin pills, refrigerators and baths. The modern mind finds it hard to understand that... there are people who simply cannot share this exaggerated concern for physical well-being."

"When you know that life is eternal, you will be in no hurry to crowd as many sensations as possible into seventy years, and as a result you will appreciate sensations more keenly."

—Joan Erskine



A COCKTAIL reception was given by the Thai Consul-General, Mr Sanga Sukhabut, to celebrate Thai national day. Above: Consul-General Sukhabut, Mrs Sukhabut and Mr Sanga Nil-komhaeng, Charge D'Affaires, Thai Embassy in China, snapped at the reception. Right: A few of the many guests. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



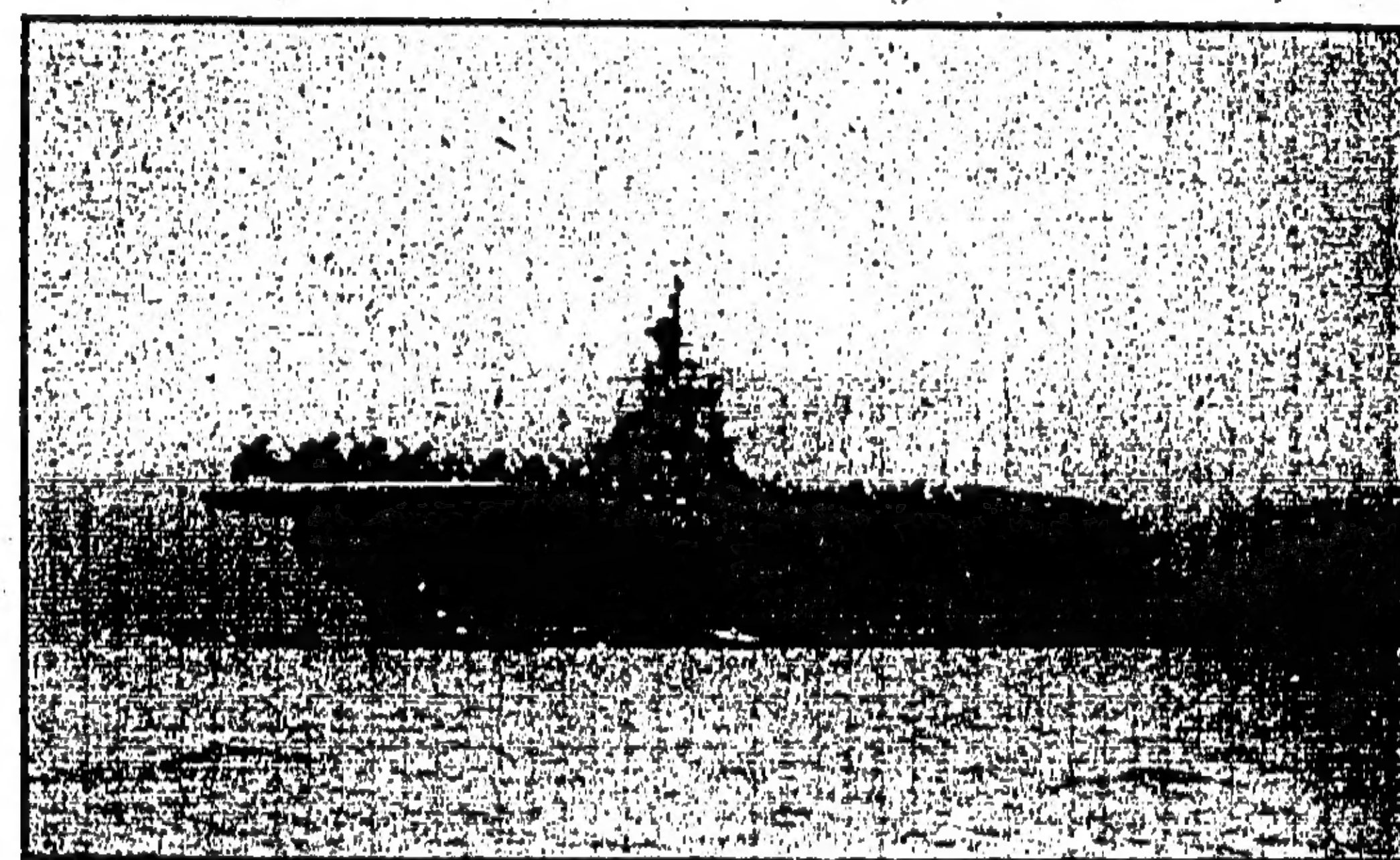
THE Officer Administering the Government, His Excellency Mr J. F. Nicoll, on his way to the site of the new Chinese Methodist Church in Kowloon last Saturday. Mr Nicoll performed the ceremony of cutting the first sod. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



PAST pupils of the St Stephen's Girls' College and their children who attended a picnic last Saturday at Eucliff, Repulse Bay. An enjoyable afternoon was spent in pleasant surroundings. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken at St John's Cathedral last Saturday after the christening of Motto, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs Arne Jensen. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



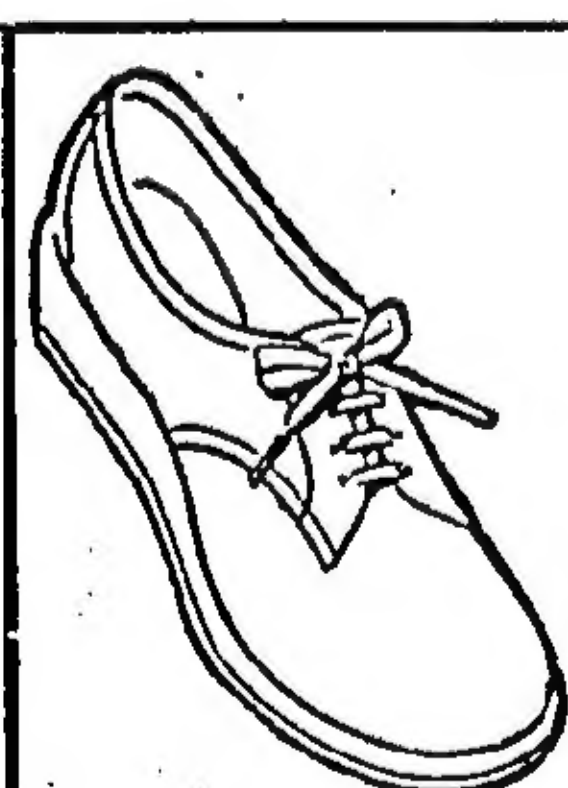
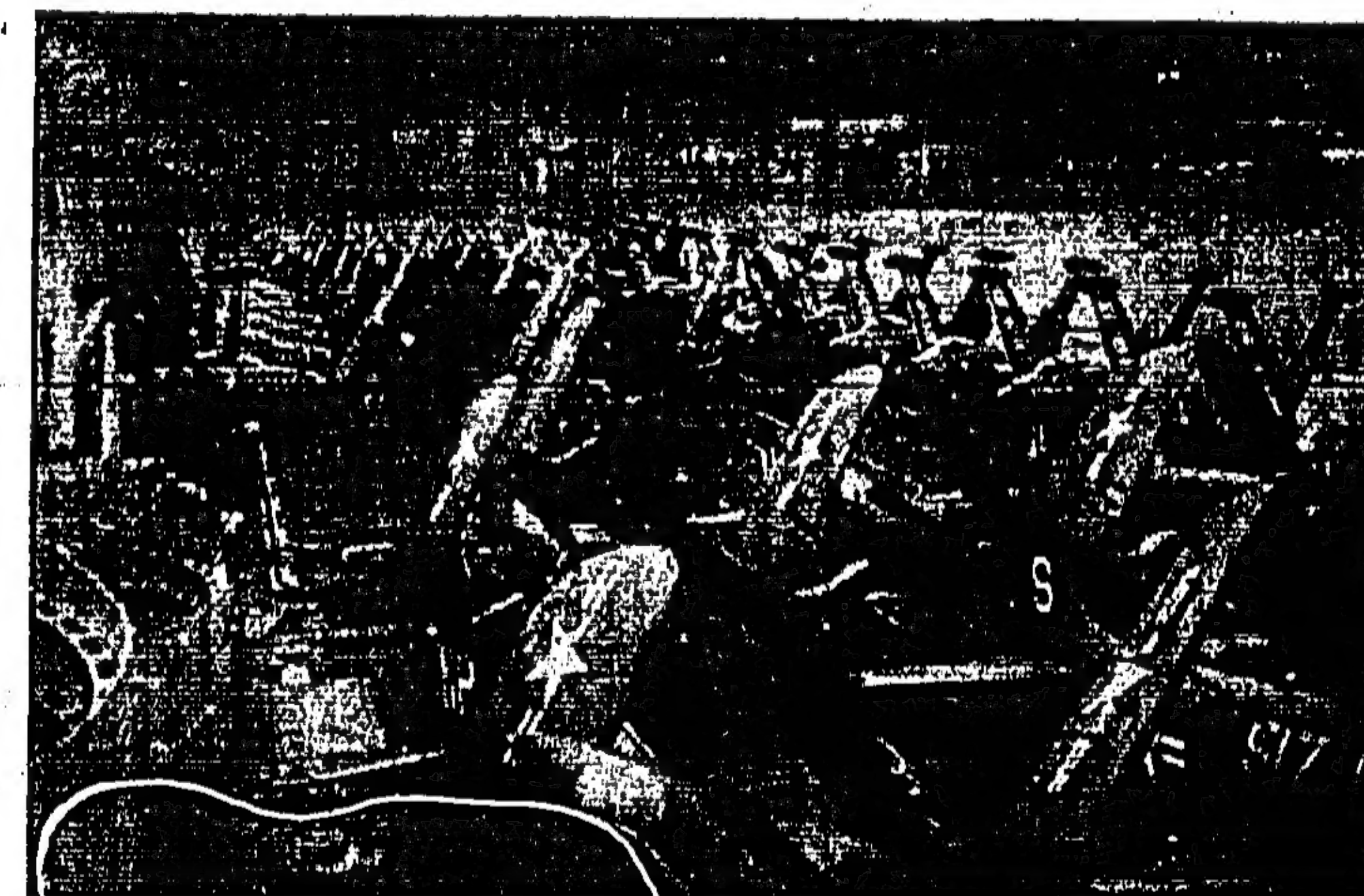
VIEW of the USS Valley Forge, one of the biggest aircraft carriers in the United States Navy, on her recent visit to Hong Kong. Below: the flight deck of the Valley Forge, with aircraft parked in formation. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the St John Ambulance Brigade photographed last Sunday on their way to a church parade at St John's Cathedral. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken in the Board Room of Messrs Jardine, Matheson and Co., Ltd. on the occasion of the presentation by Sir Robert Ho Tung of his portrait painted by Sir Oswald Birley. From left: The OAC, His Excellency Mr J. F. Nicoll, Sir Robert Ho Tung and the Hon. D. F. Landale. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

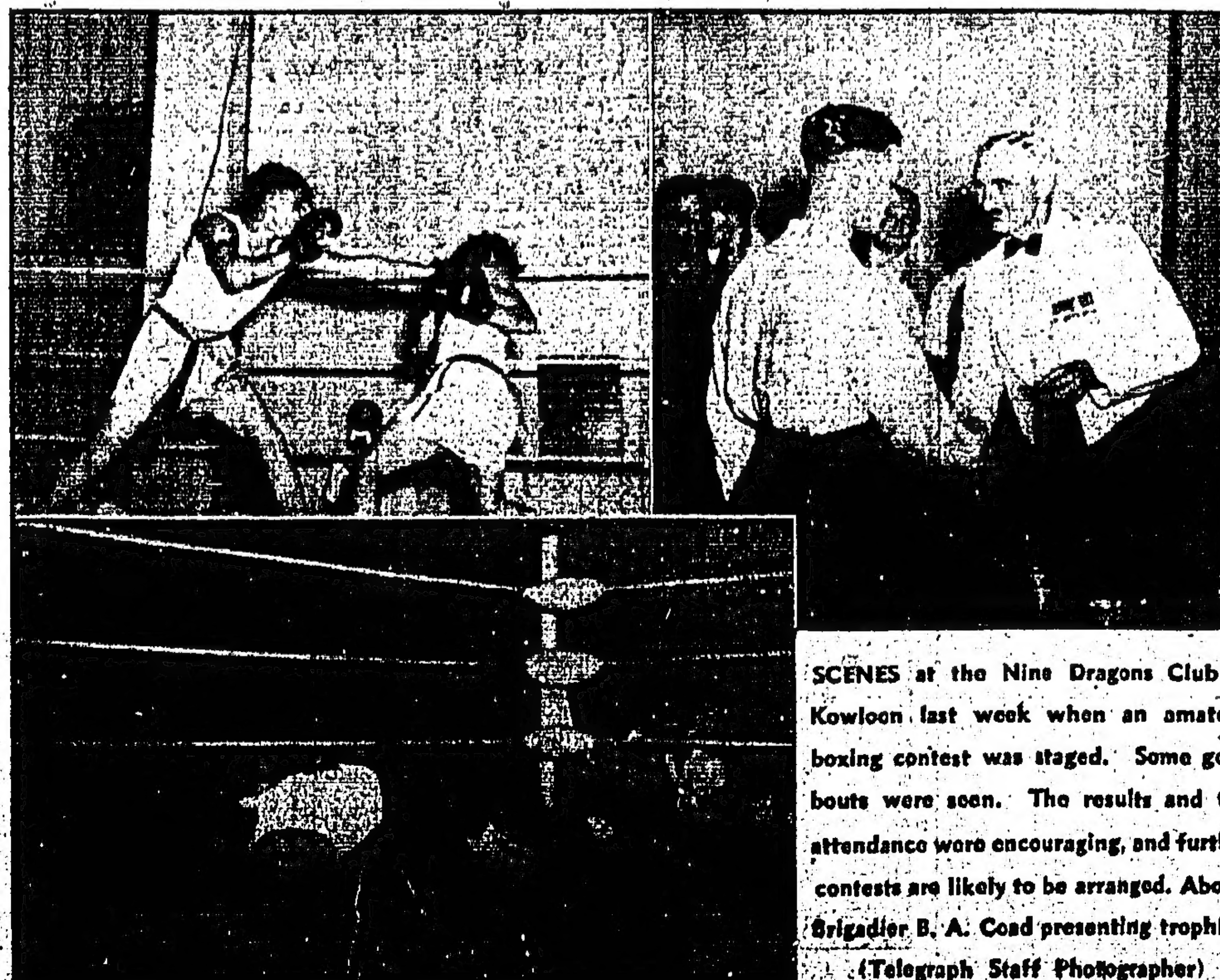


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SCENES at the Nine Dragons Club in Kowloon last week when an amateur boxing contest was staged. Some good bouts were seen. The results and the attendance were encouraging, and further contests are likely to be arranged. Above: Brigadier B. A. Coad presenting trophies. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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- *Celebrated Operatic Arias
- *Mozart Concerto No. 7
- *Beethoven Sonatas Nos. 8 & 14
- *Tchaikovsky Waltzes
- *Slavonic Dances
- *Nursery Songs
- *Christmas Carols
- *American Songs
- *Rhumba with Cugat
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CURVES are only half the story!

EVERYBODY can draw a figure. The talent shows itself at about three years old. It soon develops into little matchstick men.

And if those little matchstick men are well done they can prove to be a highly profitable first drawing lesson in balance.

In figure drawing, balance is everything. And balance—or no balance—that is the stage where most people fall down in their efforts to draw men and women.

Why does the centre of balance drop to the instant when you are standing on one foot? Why does the centre of balance change with every movement of your feet? You must find the answer to these questions.

If you hope to become a figure artist you must study a good anatomy book and learn the mechanics of bodily movement.

It is not enough just to know the shape of the curves. The good fashion artist is not just an expert in portraying clothes. He gets his effects because he knows what is happening underneath.

You are your own best subject

BUT you want to make a start at drawing a figure? Then draw what you see. Look in a mirror. You yourself are the most patient subject you can expect to find in the early stages of figure drawing. It is less embarrassing, too, if you are the only onlooker of your first drawing mistakes.

Don't be fussy with the pencil. It is stupid to draw a hundred lines when only one will do. But don't try to conform strictly to one outline at first.

Seek a broad outline to start with. And remember that the bigger the drawing the more difficult it is to control proportion.

Don't begin with an exaggerated pose, don't start to concentrate on details. In drawing the first outlines, the impulse needs to come straight from the eye to the pencil.

LOOK FOR the angle of the head, the direction of an imagined line from the centre of the brow, down the nose to the centre of the chin.

LOOK FOR the direction of the slope of the shoulders.

LOOK FOR the swing of the figure, imagining a line dividing the trunk, a line across the hips.

Draw the movement of the legs.

Then study details... make a special study of details. If you practise drawing an eye, an ear, a nose, the time will come when you can put them together in the drawing to that they look right.

For in fashion drawing the face is always the most difficult. Rest your left hand in front of a mirror and try to draw it always as you see it. This will help you in your study of perspective.

Experiment with simple poses by watching in a mirror the balance of your head in relation to the shoulders.

Now, wait about the clothes, what about the fashion drawing? All right, we'll come to them without any more fuss. As a short cut, copy a good fashion artist's drawings, draw the kind of clothes that you see in any good fashion magazine.

Remember always that smart drawings must show smart clothes. You can't make a smart drawing of a shoddy frock.



TWO LOOKS AT THE SAME DRESS

(Above, right... by the camera and left... drawn by Robb)

NOW WHY did I draw this girl in this way? FIRST, I chose a pose to lend importance to the dress... the pose for a cool summer frock. NEXT, I studied the special points of the dress.

In black and white drawing, the black must be emphasized here because the pattern does not show up too well.

There must be emphasis on the curved shoulder line and the horseshoe neck line. I narrowed the waist, made it look tight, fitting, and emphasized

the wide skirt, giving it a stiffened appearance, and I increased enormously the importance of the tie at the waist.

All this meant a crispier look to the frock, and brought out its main fashion points.

Notice that I refrained from finishing with the pattern on the hem. This enhanced the lightness of the drawing, and, as this is a summer frock, I took the neckline out to give a cooler, fresher look.

My picture hat and gloves in black—because I like it that way.

When you come back to your first one you will have clearer perception. It will be easier to see what is wrong.

Keep in mind that the aim of a fashion drawing is the reverse of what a woman is looking for when she puts on her clothes.

SHE aims to dress her face and figure, to make herself look her prettiest.

THE FASHION ARTIST uses a pretty girl—her face and figure—to help him show off the frock.

Q. & A.

Q: WHAT are the best working tools for anybody who is taking up fashion drawing?

A: A VERY soft pencil—I use a 3B pencil—for first impressions. I suggest an HB pencil for a slow worker. Use paper with a matt surface, not shiny.

For a rubber, choose "putty" rubber which lifts the dirt rather than smears it.

Q: WHAT about brushes?

A: I BUY brushes

by the hundred

from Italy, because

that is the only place

where I can get

brushes with very

short hair. But you

will find an ordinary

water-colour brush is

satisfactory when

finishing drawings in

waterproof Indian ink.

Q: DO you use char-

coal?

A: YES, for a

smooth romantic

effect... It would come in well if I were

drawing a couple in the moonlight.

Q: DO you think it is possible to teach people

how to draw?

A: IF they want to draw, they will draw. If

you draw something that doesn't look

right, there is a reason and that is where you

need to start thinking. An expert can help

point out where the fault lies.

Q: IS a woman's figure harder to draw than

a man's?

A: NO. For a fashion drawing of a man you

need to know the "architecture" of his

clothes, why his jacket hangs the way it does,

why his trousers must crease in a certain

way if he bends his knee.

There is more freedom in drawing a

woman's clothes, a smoother flow. With the

man's drawing you must expect a masculine

stiffness.

Q: WHAT are the chances of becoming

a fashion artist?

A: I DON'T know. You have got to be a good

figure artist first, you must master the

techniques of working in line and in half-

tone. For instance, if you look at my own

drawings in the newspaper you will see that

they are particularly bold, certainly bolder

than I would use in other commercial work.

This is because a drawing in a newspaper

must hold attention at once. I use heavy

line to give added punch.

(London Express Service)

SUMMER SENSE HONEY with it

TRY a deep honey shade after a spun powder with your new tan.

Brush your hair dry in the sun after its next shampoo.

Brighten shabby white leather bags and shoes with a special dye.

Have your skirts de-shined next time they visit the cleaners.

Treat yourself to a throat and tired eye treatment if you're over 40.

Make a fresh jug of lemon barley water every day for the family.

Put a dash of horseradish in your French salad dressings.

Use anemone lipstick to match iridescent nail polish.

Freshen tired feet with hot weather cologne.

Dollar Catchers

COUTURIER Hardy Amies is

entering the ready-to-wear

dress business in September

with a collection of country

twined suits and jersey dresses.

Models will sell to stores at

home and abroad and individual

shoppers at prices well below

his couturier charges. Incon-

trusive to dollar buyers will be his

American sizing system.

Idea should appeal to London

visitors who have no time for

lengthy fittings, but want to

take something home from one

of the top London dress houses.

Sun-Tanning

BABY oils and creams, fa-

voured by some sun-wor-

shippers, contain no protection

against the burning rays of the

sun, according to authorities.

The experts recommend that

summer week-enders select a

scientifically prepared sun-filter

lotion or cream, bearing the ap-

proval of a well-known con-

sumer testing bureau.

Sun-filter preparations devel-

oped as a result of years of

medical research absorb the

shorter ultraviolet burning

rays of the sun, allowing only

the desirable longer tanning

rays to reach the pigment

layer under the skin, where

the tanning process takes place.

Of course, care should be

taken not to stay in the sun

too long, even when good tan-

ning oils are used. It is advis-

able also not to use oils imme-

diately after using depilatories.

Mixmatch Denims



Slacks and overblouse.

By Vera Winston

FOR the country week-end,

for the chores galore around

house and garden, here's an en-

semble of denim pieces that mix

and match with the best of

them. Shown here are slacks

and an overblouse of gray

denim with gray and white

striped collar and cuffs. Huge

patch pockets are on the blouse,

which has a buckled-at-the-side

adjustable waistband. A striped

bra and striped shirt, appear

in this line, and there is a small

peaked cap also of the striped

material.

HONEY BLONDE?

THERE is disagreement among

women's hairdressers about

the "most fashionable shade"

for hair this year.

The Fellowship of Hair

Artists of Great Britain favour

honey blonde.

"More women are turning

blonde than ever before, but

platinum is definitely out,"

said Mr. B.N. Furman, founder

President.

"The rich tones suit the new

hair styles, and honey blondes

vary from light golden nutmeg

to a pinkish tone. In fact,

there is a shade to suit every

complexion.

"Women prefer these shades

because the hair has only to

be lightly bleached, and there

is no damage done."

A court hairdresser differs

from Mr. Furman.

"Honey blonde might be

quite attractive with green or

grey eyes, but it would be

impossible with blue eyes and

not in the least interesting

with brown eyes," he said.

Lilac, copper

"Lilac shades of hair are

lovely for those who can take

it, and copper-bronze for

people with darker eyes."

"Platinum died out in 1935

and has been replaced by

chinchilla—the greyest blonde

possible.

"Best effects are obtained

by streaks and tips of chin-

chilla.

The London manager of

a Paris hairdresser also differs.

He finds that rinses are more

popular than bleaching these

days.

There is a noticeable revival

of various honey shades; warm

colours are liked best," he said.

(London Express Service)



Tennis dress 1889

It had to come to GUSSIE MORAN

(or the inevitability of)

gradualness in fashion

JAMES LAVER, author and expert on clothes,

traces the pathway to the Moran panties in his new

book, Dress. Says Laver:

"Tennis costume took a very long time to stereo-

type itself. In the early days women played merely

in a blouse and skirt, or even in a 'costume.' It was

not until the nineteenth century that a real tennis dress

was evolved, and when, at the end of the decade,

ordinary skirts grew long again, tennis costume went

off on its own and neither influenced the mode any

more nor was influenced by it.

"A strenuous game will sooner or later impose its

costume on those who wish to play it seriously. It has

been a long struggle but tennis costume has at last won

through."

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

Tropic summer makes for . . .

Outdoor Living

By Eleanor Ross

A SHAFT of sunlight points the way to summer, and brings with it thoughts of outdoor living. It is high time to get busy with that project of building a little terrace in that sheltered corner, or turning that sun-deck atop the attached garage into an outdoor living room. And if that tiny apartment porch be enclosed with windows, it will be ready to serve as a nice little sun room.

Last year we admired so much a home-made terrace, built to the side of the back kitchen entry. A floor of coloured stone slabs, second-hand porch furniture painted in gaily painted tubs that had once been beer barrels, hanging wire flower baskets, and a glass and wrought iron dining table, and there it was! A pretty and practical outdoor room for family and visitors to enjoy, and the whole job done at a modest cash outlay.

Slipcovers are out of place on an open porch, and any recovering should be in water-repellent and sun-fast materials of which there are many.

On a closed porch, a more relaxed feeling is achieved if furniture hasn't too much fabric, with pillows and tie-ons a sure bet.

A sun-deck, especially if it has a view, deserves a bit of luxurious treatment, and is well worth a little splurge for something special.

Luxurious rattan pieces, upholstered to take tilly sun and the rain, a good grass rug, some pretty incidental pieces, beautiful plants and hanging flower baskets combine to make a charming spot for outdoor living.

Made good daytime use of a sleeping porch.

Dress up mattresses on built-in bunks with gay awning fabric, put in a utility table, an extra chair or two, and there you have an outdoor sitting room, a nice social or work centre.

As for furnishing any outdoor room or porch, you'll find that wood, metal and rattan pieces can all be nicely harmonized, and colourful effects easily achieved.

In one colour porch, we noted that that wood, metal and rattan pieces can all be nicely harmonized, and colourful effects easily achieved.

Married twenty years . . . YES, AND IN SHOW BUSINESS . . .

Anne Edwards Column

"YOU must do a story about them," everyone said, "they've been happily married for 20 years. And," they always added, "in show business, too."

It all started 21 years ago, when a vivid, dark-eyed girl found herself bored all through a dinner party by a young man who never stopped talking about himself.

"I thought he was very conceited," she says. "I'd been in films some time, and I'd got to the stage where one didn't talk about it any more. But he kept telling me who he was and what he was going to do, and all he'd got was his first contract with M.-G.-M."

"I don't even remember her," he confesses. "The fact is I wasn't interested in who I was talking to—only who I was trying to finish that conversation ever since."

A few weeks later they met at a bridge party. She was a first-class player, and he was her partner. She called "Four no trumps." "The first card he played was so unusual I said to myself, 'This guy's a genius.' Then I realised he'd never played the game before in his life. He made only three tricks."

Now they've been 20 years happily married—and in show business, too. What's the secret?

"I've learned a thing or two," he says. "Say I come home in a really mean mood. I tell my wife 'That's a lousy hat you're wearing—if she argues there's a row.' If she says nothing I get mad—so she says, 'I've been thinking so myself.'"

"I've learned a few things," she says. "The first time we went to a party together and my husband said, 'Look, there's a pretty girl,' I froze him. 'Listen, honey,' he said, 'When I tell you I've seen a pretty girl there's no need to worry.'"

It is true that happy marriages are rarer in show business. It may be that in Hollywood wives often earn more than their husbands—and that upsets masculine ideas.

"Of course, in our case," said BEN LYON, happily, "Bebe has been supporting me for years."

Isn't Ben sweet? said BEBE DANIELS. "He's always looking for work for me."

PERFUMED EARS

AN AMERICAN show girl opened her wardrobe for the

BETTY GARRETT, dancing wife of Larry Parks. From her



From her ears—gilt globes

ears dangle little gilt globes, each one a perfume container. You unscrew the two halves, saturate chain (which she wears as a necklace or a belt), on which two larger perfumed bobbles are hung.

Other tricky ideas are a gilded English penny set in a bracelet and given her for luck before she left. And scatter pins made of single large pearls or rhinestones.

'I DID IT TOO'

★WHAT I like about . . . THE KING . . . the way he sees the King as others see him. "I know what's waiting on parade," he told Trevor Howard, who had been standing in line for 20 minutes to be presented. "I had to do it for my father."

ANNA NEAGLE . . . the way she tries to behave like a typical film star at a premiere and brings the blue milk along, then behaves like herself and forgets to take it home.

RICHARD TODD . . . the way he has made enough money to furnish his new West End flat with good antiques, but isn't too grand to go on using a clover woolen tea-cosy knitted by his mother-in-law.

MAKE YOUR OWN

★BEST hot weather party I the hostess let you make your own sandwiches. There were piles of ready-buttered broches and rolls and brown bread. There were plates of sliced fillings, like ham, and tongue and chicken. And dotted around were sliced salads, dishes of garnishings, and plenty of sauces. Guests made up their own mixtures.

MARRIED GABLE

★THE FORMER LADY STANLEY, as everyone pointed out on her return is the lady who married one of America's most eligible men (CLARK GABLE) at the age of 44.

What's so astonishing about that? Take a look at the ages of other celebrated women when they collected the most marriageable man of their time . . .

ELIZABETH BARRETT was 40 when ROBERT BROWNING eloped with her to Italy. MAGDA LUPESCU was 47 when ex-KING CAROL married her. CLEOPATRA was 39 when ANTONY lost his greatest battle to follow her. MADAME DE MAINTENON was 49 when she married LOUIS XIV.

(London Express Service)

Colours and clothes that make you look cool

by SUSAN DEACON

SWELTERING at 88 degrees in the shade is something British women do not bargain for when buying summer clothes.

We are apt to think of a summer wardrobe in terms of cotton for evenings and weekends, and fine worsteds and gabardines for town wear.

We never really expect it to be hot enough for us to go without a coat. As a result, the first day of a heat-wave finds the shops crowded with hot, perspiring women rushing to buy cool, smart town clothes.

One of the biggest demands recently was for linen-type fabrics. A simple linen dress or suit, with matching accessories, is probably one of the smartest outfits you can choose.

But be sure that the material is lightweight. Many linen-like fabrics are heavy and hot to wear.

A plain material is generally cooler-looking than a print, un-

less you are lucky enough to find a fine black etched or cool coloured print.

Avoid strong colours if you wish to look cool. Therefore, choose greys, most shades of green, the lighter shades of blue and mauve, or primrose yellow.

Patent leather belts and accessories do not look as hot as suede or skin.

Wear snow-white gloves, a white lace handkerchief.

Never wear real flowers in the heat. They wilt.

Quickly look hotter. Crisp white artificial flowers help you to look fresh.

Care of feet

GIVE special attention to your feet in hot weather. Sock

hair lotion into the scalp to keep it fresh. Perfume is drying and should not be used on the hair.

The new doe-eyed-shaped sun glasses are attractive. Glasses with too dark lens are bad for the eyes, rose-tinted lens are more restful than green.

Do not use a heavy perfume in hot weather. Choose a light flower perfume in preference to the spicy, sophisticated scents.

Keep food cool

THE problem of keeping food fresh is a worry to numerous housewives.

Find the coolest place in the home—it might be the cellar or the stone floor of the larder.

Fill a pan or large bowl with water and add a handful each of household soda and salt.

Stand bottles of milk in this and it will keep fresh overnight without boiling. Place a piece of slate in the bottom of the pan or stand the bowl on it.

(London Express Service)

Short hair styles are perfect for the summer. This sophisticated style would be good under a bathing cap and easy to manage with damp.

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YOUNG MATRON'S PROBLEM

By H. N. Bundesen, M.D.

MANY women experience a sudden, tremendous gain in weight following the birth of a baby. In some cases, poundage is piled on so rapidly that the mother becomes too fat even for the maternity clothes she wore before the delivery of her baby. Sometimes, from four to five pounds are gained each week for a period of seven to nine weeks, so that each month larger clothes are required.

This mysterious and excessive weight gain may begin during pregnancy, usually between the fourth and the sixth months. It may occur after each pregnancy.

UPPER ARMS

Most of the weight is located on the upper arms, waist, breasts, buttocks, and thighs. In some few cases, the buttocks and legs become quite large, while the rest of the body remains normal in size. Now and then, there may be a slow, steady gain over a number of years. In a group that was studied, half of the women increased 75 percent in weight and some more than 100 percent.

It would seem that this tendency runs in families. Many of the women studied had mothers who were also a great deal overweight.

It has been suggested that this rapid increase in weight may be due to some disturbance of the part of the brain known as the hypothalamus. This part of the brain has, as one of its functions, the regulation and control of body weight. Just what causes this disturbance has not been determined.

TOXAEMIA OCCURS

However, it has been found that among women who become fat after childbirth, certain disorders of pregnancy often occur, such as toxæmia or poisoning, or excessive vomiting.

It is also noted that these women secrete large amounts of breast milk, and that this milk secretion may continue for some time after the baby has been weaned. Frequently, they may also give birth to large infants weighing 10 or 11 pounds. Such babies must be given special care.

When this rapid gain in weight seems to be occurring, prompt treatment by the physician is advisable to keep the weight in check through proper dietary regulation, and other measures if needed.

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BARBEQUE PICNICS? They're Fun, Says Lovely Valli



★ Something different! In barbecue picnics is endorsed by Valli, glamorous international star. Her barbecue terrace is actually an outdoor kitchen, with a grill on top of the flames, so she can use top-of-the-stove utensils.

A follower of the pan-broiler school of cooking, Valli offers some worthwhile tips to the housewife who wants a succulent broiled steak minus broiler heat.

Pan-broil when steaks or chops are cut slightly thinner than usual. If meat is very lean, rub a heavy frying pan or iron griddle with fat. This is the only time fat is used in pan broiling.

Drop meat in pan with tongs—without bothering to preheat pan. While cooking, turn meat from time to time. Always cook meats uncovered and always cook them BLOWLY.

Four off every drop of fat as it appears in the pan. If you

leave the drippings, you'll merely fry the meat and it will get that leathery, unpalatable texture. Test by cutting a small gash close to the bone with a very sharp knife. When inside is the colour you want, season and serve.

Valli declares pan broiling is ideal for veal chops—fat your butcher to give you those with the kidney in—join pork chops, individual steaks or even lamb steaks, all excellent meats for the barbecue supper.

Parents Blamed If Comics Corrupt

Norman, Okla. Parents probably are to blame if children get bad ideas from comic books, a University of Oklahoma librarian contends.

Mrs Mary H. Marable, associate professor of library science and a mother herself, says the effect of comic books on juvenile delinquency is the strongest factor against them.

However, she believes, "In good homes, children can take them in stride. It's in the neglected home that the danger lies."

Mrs Marable believes one of the major faults of comic books is that they "cheat children of their heritage of good literature. Youngsters today have no time for the Bible, Aesop's Fables, and other literary works."

"They grow to adulthood virtually illiterate, unable to comprehend even the newspapers, which are so filled with literary allusions." — United Press.



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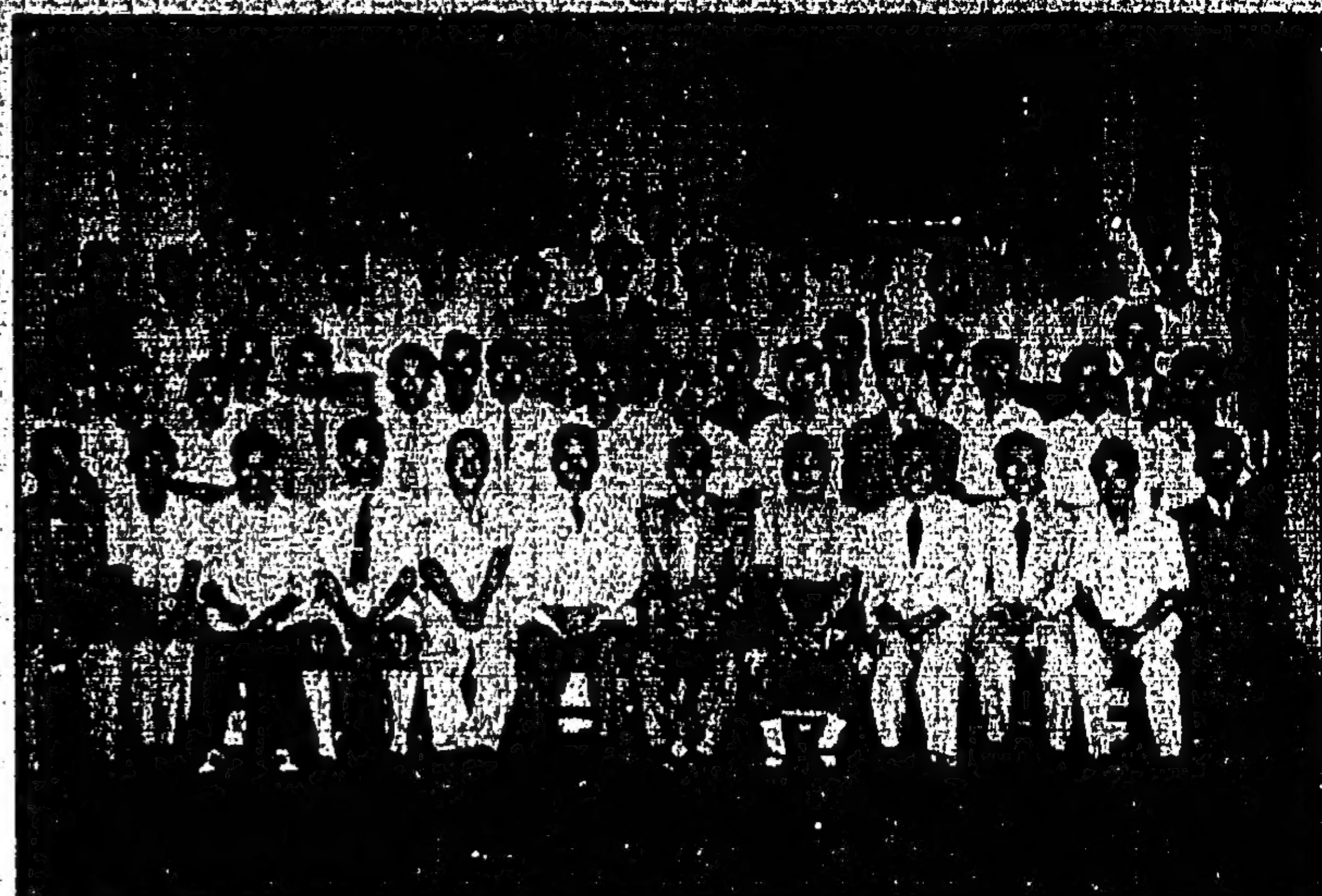
FREE AMBULANCE SERVICE



PICTURE taken on the occasion of the christening of Janet, infant daughter of Professor and Mrs A. J. S. McFadzean, on Sunday last. (Ming Yuen)



THE Band of the St Louis Industrial School, playing at the recent fete held in the School grounds. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



GROUP photo taken at the dinner party given last week by members of No. 2 Coy, Hongkong Police Reserve, in honour of Mr K. B. Lee and Mr Mok Hing-wing, O.C. and 2 i/c of the Company. (Golden Studio)



A FAREWELL presentation was made at the Police Recreation Club last week-and to Mr W. E. Hollands (left), oldest member, who is shortly leaving the Colony on retirement. Making the presentation is Mr C. Pope. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



DR Philip Chow and Miss Angela Ng after their wedding at the Roman Catholic Cathedral last Saturday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the Consular Body in Hongkong at their regular monthly luncheon. The Officer Administering the Government, His Excellency Mr J. F. Nicoll, attended the function, which was held this week in the Jacobson Room, Hongkong Hotel. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



THE Sindhi Merchants team which won the Sunday cricket league at the Indian Recreation Club. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR William Walter Hart and Miss Eva Frances Louise James leaving the Registry after their wedding last Saturday. (Henry Mok)



PART of the large attendance at the annual reunion dinner of the British Army Aid Group, which was held in the Volunteer Drill Hall, Murray Parade Ground, on Wednesday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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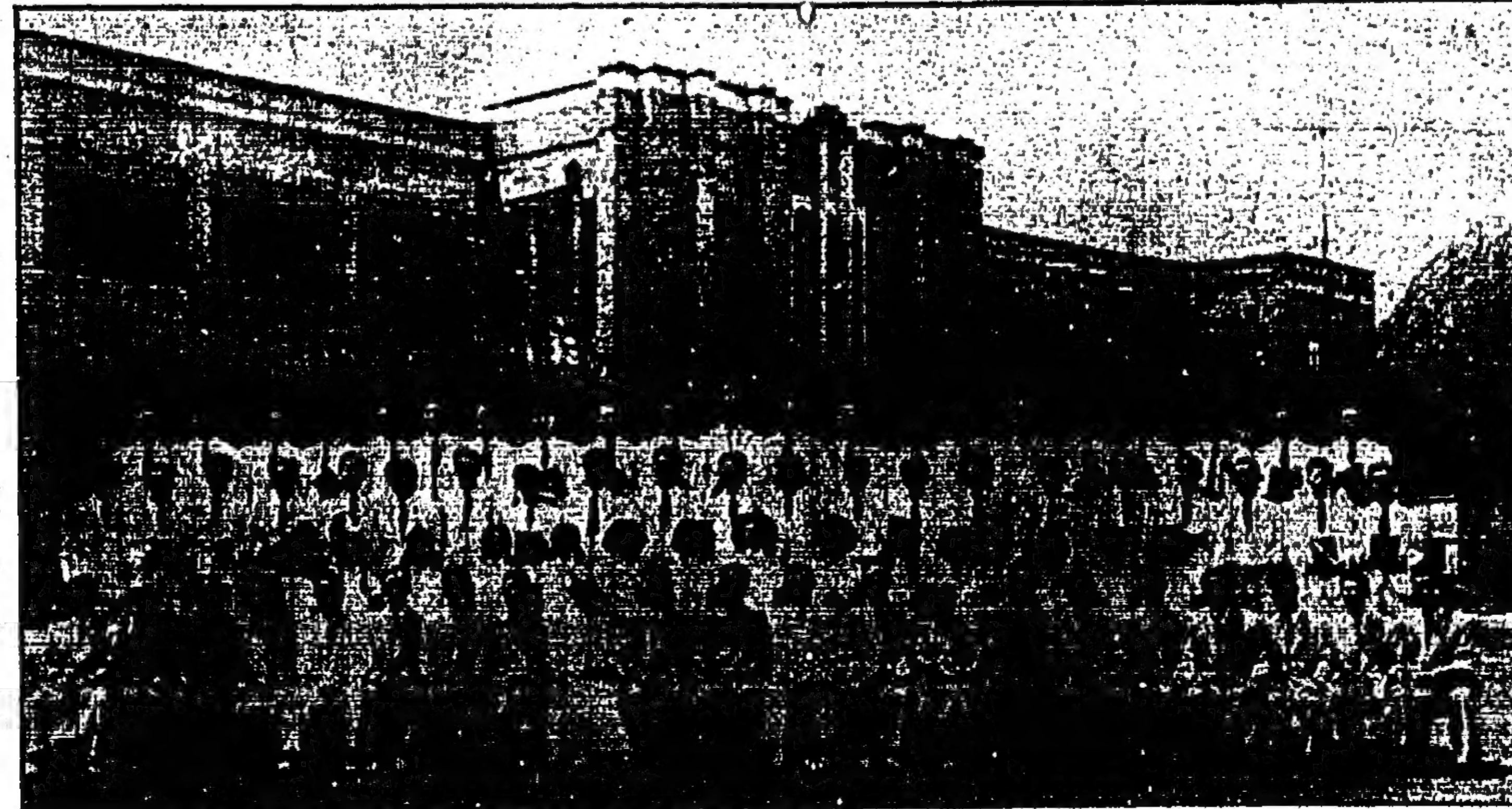


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GROUP picture taken at the twenty-ninth graduation exercise of the South China Training Institute of Seventh Day Adventists at Clear Water Bay. (Mayfair)

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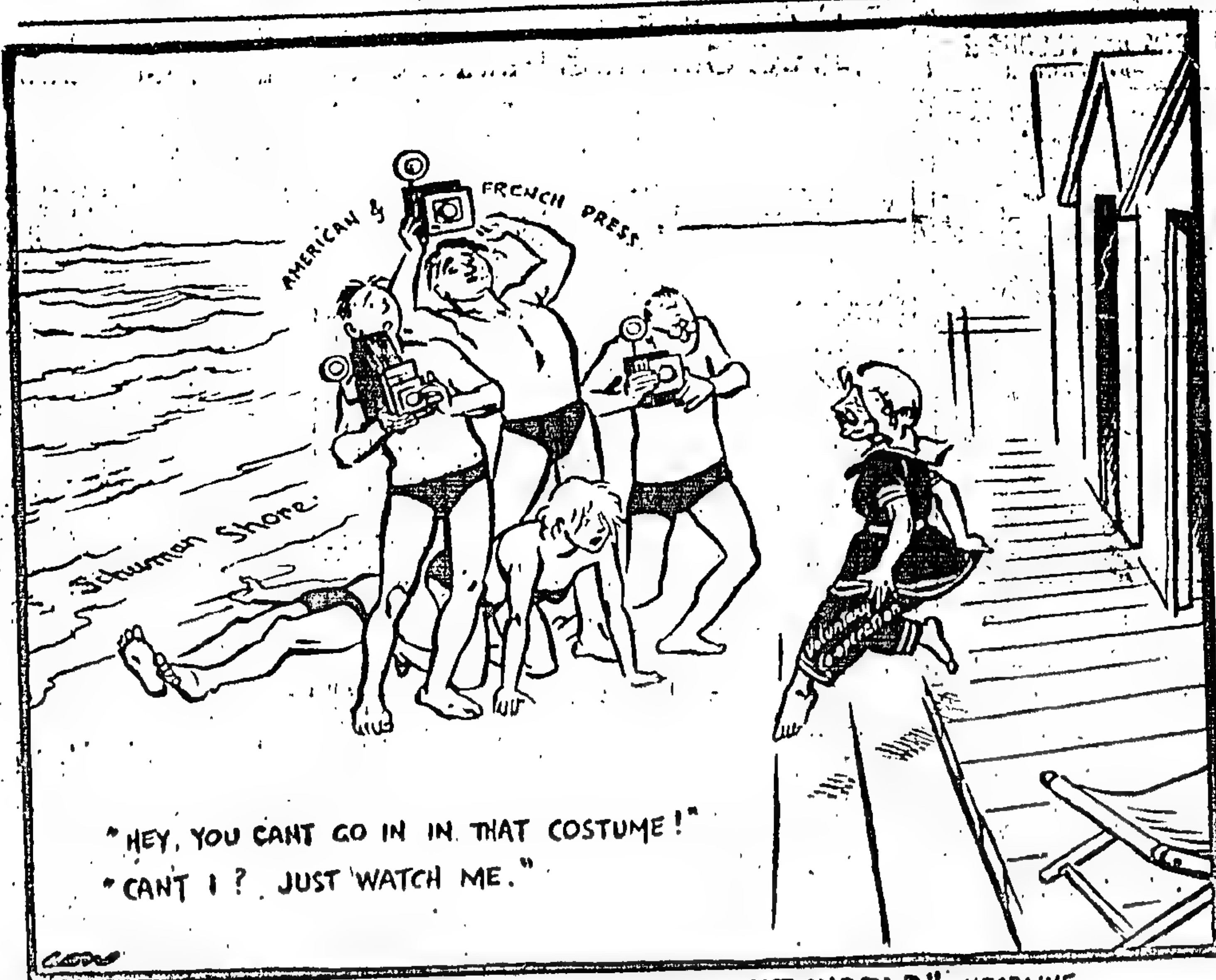


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WHAT'S GOING ON

By EPHRAIM HARDCASTLE

LONDON.
I HAVE been looking round the London restaurants and cabarets to see what we have to offer to the tourists.

Quick advantage has been taken of the lifting of the 5s. limit, and I think that the visitors will have few complaints about food and cooking.

The price of a good meal is no greater in a smart London restaurant than in the same kind of place in Paris or New York—though, the other day, I saw caviar on the menu at 25s. a portion.

Still, we have far to go before we reach the supreme Paris excellence.

Main snag: shortage of trained staff—particularly cooks. Waiters, chefs, even the maitres, are struggling with an unfamiliar prob-

lem—how to give the gourmet anything he asks for quickly, efficiently, and without question.

Times change

WHAT WOULD Queen Charlotte have thought? The cabaret at her 204th Birthday Ball, when this year's debutantes made their curtsies, would certainly have persuaded her that times have changed.

What was the entertainment provided for this demure and tender flock? A display of ballroom dancing? A few operatic arias?

Far from it. A slim young woman, dressed in the smallest and thinnest of bathing suits, was hurled through the air by two tough and muscular men in a manner which would have done credit to any Montmartre night club—though I doubt if the whole Latin Quarter could produce a club with enough head room for such violent and abandoned aerial contortions as these.

Paying guests

I TOLD recently of big business being done by the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Warwick, who are making many thousands of pounds by opening the doors of their stately homes to the public.

I have continued my investigations and find that the Marquis of Salisbury is content with more modest takings at Hatfield House.

Last year 30,000 people went round, paid 2s. 6d. each. So his lordship pocketed £3,750. Against that he must set wages for guides. And he makes no money from teas or garden produce.

The Duke of Richmond, too, makes no great commercial effort at Goodwood House, open one day each week since the beginning of April.

He charges 2s. a head for entrance, another 2s. for catalogues. And his Grace is a connoisseur of night-seers may wander at will.

Features, observed only by four estate workers, who keep unobtrusively in the background.

His best week to date brought 375 visitors, but he hopes that this figure will be doubled during the holiday season.

The duke has one advantage. The local bus runs through his park, passes within a few yards of his front door.

No faint heart

LORD JUSTICE SCOTT has died, at the age of 80. He lived far longer than he had expected for when he was 40 he believed himself to be dying of a heart disease.

At that time he would always sit in an invalid, with his feet up.

But, in the 40 years between then and his death, he has done a big man's job. He spent 10 of those years in Parliament, 13 more as a Lord of Appeal. He retired from his high office only 20 months ago.

He was a man of many fine qualities, hard working, thorough, and modest, did a great deal of public work over and above his legal duties.

And his popularity extended far beyond his shores, for he played a leading part in Maritime Conventions, making and amending the laws of the sea. In these activities, I am told he achieved an extraordinary prestige on the Continent.

10s. a chucka

THERE IS A man who is trying to make polo cheap and popular in Britain. He is Mr. Bill Walsh, 43-year-old Irishman, who keeps 32 polo ponies at Ham Common, Richmond.

In the evenings, and at weekends, enthusiasts may forsake the tennis court or golf course and play polo on Mr. Walsh's ponies at 10s. a chucka.

Even at that I reckon it costs 1s. 3d. a minute. I wish Mr. Walsh success. He is more likely to achieve it, I feel, than that fine, old-fashioned sportsman Lord Cowdray.

He and a handful of rich men who play at Cowdray Park, are fighting a rearguard action to keep polo alive as it used to be in the heyday of Hurlingham and Roehampton.

What is the price for them? An average pony costs £400 to buy and about £3 15s. each week for stabling and fodder. And anyone who plays seriously and regularly must keep at least four ponies.

(London Express Service)

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WHO IS SCHUMAN?



Mr. Jean Monnet, France's chief planning commissioner. He is an arid personality, a Catholic zealot, a moderate all his life.

- He was an officer in the Kaiser's Army
- He crossed to the French Army
- He was a Minister in Pétain's Government until he saw that Vichy was to be the lap-dog of the Nazis
- He was arrested by the Gestapo
- And he was the last Foreign Minister of France

ROBERT SCHUMAN, Foreign Minister in the French Cabinet which fell a few days ago, author of the audacious invitation to Britain to pool her coal and steel with that of the Continent, was born in Luxembourg.

His parents' home was in Lorraine, then part of the German Empire, and consequently they were German subjects. And for more than half of his 64 years he, too, by reason of the German occupation, was a German subject.

He shares this paradox with many of his fellow-countrymen. He shares it with few, if any, of his fellow-statesmen.

This lean, dry man, whose wrinkled brow, bald crown and sad blue eyes give him the upward stare of a lonely spinnaker, is a Lorrainer. And therein lies a key to his personality.

On both sides

LORRAINE came first under German occupation in 1871. Its people remained French at heart, and carried on a stubborn resistance to the Germanisation of the province.

Lorraine therefore inevitably became the mortar in which Franco-German enmity has ground out a confusion of loyalties.

From Lorraine came Joan, Maid of Orleans. There was first heard the rousing rant of the Marcellaise. Lorraine, although its spirit has always been French, has supplied a tragic list of men who have fought on two sides in three wars.

When France produced a man swearing an undying hatred of Germany, he is probably a Lorrainer. When she produces a man who pleads co-operation in peace, he, too, is probably a Lorrainer.

In the light of this must we try to understand the ascetic M. Schuman and the plan he evolved with

Conservative A. humoursless man whose greatest, if unctuous, jest has been to present his long melancholy nose to the cartoonists of the world.

A man with no Gallic élan. On his tongue the French language, divinely made for oratorical battle, is insipid.

A man with no known vices, except a German taste for a pipe and a glass of beer. And there are those who deny that he has even this weakness.

Loyal to France

TODAY Schuman is a loyal Frenchman, as much by choice as by the Treaty of Versailles. He is acting in the interests of his countrymen. But he would be the first to admit the German influence on his early life.

His family was an old one in Lorraine.

For most of his young life he was an orphan, cared for by a governess, despairingly dismissed by his schoolmaster as only fit to be the editor of an encyclopedia.

He pursued an uninspired academic course through the German Universities of Munich, Berlin, Bonn and Metz, and emerged in time to have to serve in the Kaiser's army.

Between wars

HE held a commission in the army until 1918 when the ancient divided loyalties of Lorraine burnt up inside him and he saw which way his duties lay, and went over to the French.

With the end of World War I he settled in Metz and opened a legal practice. He was elected deputy for his district and has been re-elected ever since.

The facts of his life during the inter-war years are sparse. Recently, with a lawyer's cold venom, he turned on the Communist paper Action, which accused him of having worked in Metz for the great de Gaulle steel trust.

Schuman won his action. Like our Foreign Minister Bevin, Schuman came late

to the national scene. He got his first Ministerial post in 1919, when Premier Paul Reynaud made him Under-Secretary for Evacuées.

He followed the dying French Government to the tragedy of Bordeaux. He remained in office for a few weeks under Marshal Pétain, but when he saw that Vichy was to be only a lap-dog of the Nazis he resigned and went back to Lorraine.

To remain in office under Pétain was a blunder. He has never been allowed to forget it.

In the National Assembly the Communists taunt him with it. The Socialists mistrust him because of it.

His defence is that within months of leaving Pétain he was in the hands of the Gestapo.

Not arguments

HIS only comment on that experience is illuminating. "Concentration camps," he says, "are not arguments."

And what is not an argument to Robert Schuman is not worth consideration.

"I am a technician," he says, "not an ideologist." That sort of confession does not provoke warm approval among the French.

Around him the French Conservatives rally, prickly sensitive to criticism. Their Press turns angrily on all opponents of their "mythic" their "salut" even on the Beaverbrook Press in Britain.

Despite his devout Catholicism Schuman has formed a deep friendship with Dr. Frank Buchman, ebullient leader of Moral Rearmament.

He has decorated Buchman with the Legion of Honour, and written a friendly preface to the yet unpublished French edition of Buchman's "Re-making of the World."

"The immediate task," wrote Schuman in that preface, "is the creation of a moral climate in which true brotherly unity can flourish overreaching all that today there, the world apart."

And then "May Buchman be heard and followed more and more in all nations of the world by those who today still clutch in fratricidal hatred."

Here perhaps we have the emotional impulse behind the Schuman plan, an impulse generated as much by Buchman as by Schuman.

He lives the life of an ascetic in a small flat in the Latin quarter, browsing among the bookshelves on the Left Bank, eating frugal meals at a tiny restaurant in the Boulevard St. Germain.

His only light amusement is a startling one. He has a taste for gangster films that sets odd-

ly with his pious academic interest in books.

He has a collection of over 2,000 rare and valuable volumes in the old family house at Chazelles, in Lorraine. There, behind bald white shutters, lives his housekeeper, Marie Kelle.

She has been with him for over 40 years, and she looks after him tenderly when he visits Chazelles.

That is his time for relaxation. He rises at eight instead of his more customary 6.30.

He comes down to a light breakfast, before which he always kisses the wrinkled cheek of old Marie, and then buries himself in his books.

This platonic bus is probably the only intimacy which Schuman has permitted himself in his wifeless life. He has declared that he has never been in danger of marriage.

To the French that is perhaps his most unpardonable fault.

(London Express Service)

AMERICAN COLUMN

Now a gun is packed with the briefcase

From Newell Rogers

NEW YORK.
THE life of a postwar diplomat is not as happy as in the old striped trousers and top hat age. Indeed, so unsafe has it become that the U.S. State Department has ordered diplomats in "certain posts" in Southeast Asia to carry guns for protection.

The order has been disclosed by a brief mention in a State Department reply to attacks on it by Republican Senator Joseph McCarthy.

Said McCarthy: "For nearly 20 years we have allowed dilatory diplomats to do the 'lighting' for us with kid gloves in perfumed drawing rooms."

It is for these reasons, said the department, that diplomats are now able to reply to guns with guns.

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agricultural air-lift. It transported 5,050 Spanish-speaking workers from the impoverished island colony of Puerto Rico, in the Caribbean, 2,200 miles to the 14,000-acre beet-fields, "near" Canada's border. The last workers arrived two days before the deadline, after which the beet would have begun to go bad.

CITY: Wall-street's boom is also a boon to some out-of-work Broadway actors. They have been hired to take telephone orders from customers.

TALKING: Every week 205 Congressmen broadcast to voters back home. This is a Congressional election year, so they are passing a Bill to authorize film shots of legislators for TV programmes. In Los Angeles, bus passengers now watch a TV screen over the driver's head.

ENGLISH-STYLE broad is on sale in America—for 1s. 6d. a loaf. It is made in America under licence, and bakers must conform to exact standards set by the English company. The company believes there is a market here because American bread has grown so sweet and airy that people are tiring of it.

CAFE SOCIETY in New York is expecting that Sherman Billingsley, proprietor of their nightclub club, will soon get a loyalty test of his customers. He has already refused an editor to buy five Little Playwrights, among them a noted playwright, an artist, and a

HARVEST: Michigan's 24,000,000 sugar beet crop has been saved by America's largest mystery writer.

DANIEL GEORGE continues—

Love in Bloom...

WHATEVER may be the harsher feelings that life may develop, there is no one, however callous or constrained he may become, whose brow does not grow pensive at the memory of First Love.—Disraeli.

BE OUR experience in particular what it may, no man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry, and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments.—Emerson.

YOUNG LOVE

FIRST LOVE is only a little foolishness and a lot of curiosity. — Bernard Shaw.

PERHAPS all early love affairs ought to be strangled or drowned, like so many blind kittens.—Thackeray.

There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream.—Thomas Moore.

WARNING

THERE ARE many who marry from utter indigence of

FESTIVAL FOLLOW-UPS

Nineteen recordings by well known people each describing one of the 19 official festivals to be held in England, Scotland and Wales in 1951 are to be sent overseas where they will be broadcast by local radio stations and played to audiences in British Council centres.

Each speaker, who will also tell the story of his town, is closely connected with the Festival or its locality—Mr Herbert Morrison, Lord President of the Council, for London, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh (Sir Andrew Murray), Cynan, Archdruid of Wales, for the National Eisteddfod, Sir John Barbirolli, conductor of the Halle Orchestra, for Cheltenham.

For Aldeburgh the recording will be by the Earl of Harewood, President of the Festival, for St David's, the Archbishop of Wales (The Right Rev. John Morgan) and for York, the Dean of York (The Very Rev. E. Milner-White).

thought, captivated by the playfulness of youth, as if a kitten were never to be a cat.—Lander.

LOOKING BACK

I played with you 'mid cowslips blowing,
When I was six and you were four;
When garlands weaving, flower-balls throwing,
Were pleasures soon to please no more....
But, though first love's impassioned blindness
Has passed away in colder light,
I still have thoughts of you with kindness,
And shall do, 'till our last goodnight. —Peacock.

ELECTRIC

ALL AT once an alarming delicious shudder went through her frame. From him to her it coursed, and back from her to him. Forward and back love's electric messenger rushed from heart to heart, knocking at each, as if it urged tumultuously against the bars of its prison, crying out for its mate. They stood trembling in unison, a lovely couple under these fair heavens of the morning.—Merrell.

REFLECTION

THEN WE gradually fell to considering how young they were, and how there must be a lapse of several years before this early love could come to anything, and how it could come to happiness only if it were real and lasting, and inspired them with a steady resolution to do their duty to each other, with constancy, fortitude, and perseverance; each always for the other's sake.—Dickens.

IDEAL

My first, last love; the idol of my youth,
The darling of my manhood, and, alas!
Now the most blessed memory of mine age. —Tennyson.

LAST QUESTIONS

WHAT IS a first love worth, except to prepare for a second? What does the second love bring? Only regret for the first.—John May.

—(London Express Service)

DAVID BLACK'S Record Review

A meal for the musical gourmet

THE month's recordings offer a menu which is neither lush nor Crippsian austere. If they provide no rip-roaring banquet few would find difficulty in selecting a reasonable repast of music.

Among the entrées is Wiener Schmitzel: Furtwangler conducting the Vienna Philharmonic in Die Meistersinger Overture (HMV DB2042-3). Or there is a call of a rare roast of England: Sir Thomas Beecham and the Royal Philharmonic with Haydn's Symphony No. 102 in B flat (HMV DB21042-4).

Furtwangler is happy with the immense industry of Wagner, but the great breadth of Haydn is something in which Beecham luxuriates to produce a first-rate recording.

But contrast this with the same song sung by the George Mitchell Glee Club (Decca F3305) and see whether it is not better done in the sprightly manner than as a crooner's item—or even the way Phil Harris does it (HMV B3093).

Danny Kaye? Yes, he is present "straight" for half of C'est si Bon (Brunswick 04485). Then he does a Maurice Chevalier impression which has been done with equal facility by others. The reverse, Wilhelmmina finds him switching to a Dutch accent which Kaye worshippers will find a more joyful occasion.

—(London Express Service)

BOOKS AND PEOPLE . . . by JON HOPE

FACT IS FASTER THAN FICTION

FROM Heinemann's office Audrey Lindop collected her manuscript of The Tall Headlines.

She had a chapter to add. The story had reached the point where a girl was involved in a street accident. Miss Lindop called a taxi. That is about all she remembers. Miss Lindop was also involved in a street accident.

This novelist is accustomed to narrow escapes. They started when, as a child in Burma, she and her mother were chased by a hungry tiger.

Miss Lindop is married to screen-writer Dudley Leslie. They live in Earl's Court. Her novel comes out in June.

As an amateur, Neil Paterson was captain of professional football team. He and I used to work in the same newspaper office, and at that time he was making his mark as a story writer as well as an athlete. His second novel, Begonia, the Daughter—now selling well in the States—will be published here in July by Hodder and Stoughton. If it is up to the

DAB and FLOUNDER

—by WALTER



Machine-made love in a Soviet factory

VERA FIODOROVNA PANOVA, an up-and-coming novelist in Soviet Russia, has unearthed a whole new gallery of incredible characters in her Russian best-seller, *The Factory*.

Mrs. Panova, 45, won the Stalin Award of ten thousand rubles for a novel published in 1946 entitled *The Train*.

She has a nice style for machinery, and she may even now be writing the third leg of a trilogy and calling it *The Tank*, but her human characters have never been seen this side of the Iron Curtain.

The women are strong and clever and good, the men are strong and determined and good.

They are robot-like creatures who believe fanatically in the great mission of Communism, and are ready to die for Uncle Joe.

It is to be hoped that Mrs. Panova is writing to Kremlin orders, and is not depicting Russia today as she sees it. If Russia is a country of such strong, clever, fanatical robots then it would take more than an H-bomb to defeat her. Short of total annihilation Mrs. Panova's Russians would never be beaten.

Devoid of passion

The Factory is a story about a munition factory in Central Russia. It is devoid of love and passion and humour as we of the West know them.

Take a love scene from page 128:

"There was something new and touching about Marijka (one of many heroines). Her overall was saturated with oil after a day at the machine; there was a brown oily stain on her temple."

"Lukashin (hero) pretended indifference. On that day for the first time he had done 110 percent of his factory quota."

Although there is no fun in the book, there is plenty of stark — very stark — tragedy. Chapter six opens:

"Poor Klavdia had a short little life, but it was not an uneventful one."

By Western standards it was a highly dramatic one. Poor Klavdia's mother dropped dead in a bread queue, her brother was killed fighting the Germans and her father committed suicide. Klavdia died in childbirth.

Love Scene—Russian Style

"There was something new and touching about Marijka (heroine). Her overall was saturated with oil after a day at the machine; there was a brown, oily stain on her temple... Lukashin (hero) pretended indifference. On that day for the first time he had done 110 percent of his factory quota."

Nonna Sergeevna is worried for two chapters about her career as an engineer. All the boys liked Nonna, but no dice. Nonna falls in love with factory director General Lislopod. They meet secretly over a drafting board. Nonna, however, has more important worries.

Page 157: "It was a year of torment for Nonna. The chief technologist asked her, 'What was your examination thesis?' 'Connecting rods,' said Nonna."

"In fact her thesis had been excellent. She had studied the technology of connecting rods from reports of the most up-to-date works."

This is the girl who sweeps sailors and soldiers off their feet. Who has a special mirror device (invented by herself) at her front window to warn her against the visits of unwelcome male visitors.

Sensible girl, Nonna. As a heroine she doesn't line up with some Hollywood types. She is big, husky, cleverer than most men, always in overalls.

Then there is Lida Ermina, of petit bourgeois origin, who came good.

Full of detonators

"Lida was used to a world where there were always new slippers and sweaters for dinner."

"In *The Factory* the boxes of detonators stood by Lida's side, five hundred to a box specially packed and sealed. A certificate lay on top as one opened the box."

Lida developed special gestures: with an elegant and swift movement she tore off the seal; with another—like throwing down a winning card—she slid the certificate on to the conveyor.

"The normal rate of fitting the detonators was at first 11,000 in eleven hours, then gradually rose to 22,000. Lida could turn out 55,000. Once she tried to beat all records and made 65,000, but her hands shook and she felt drained, emptied."

"On leaving the shop Lida put on the dreamy expression that she was particularly fond of."

Lida got her reward. She married a very deserving young soldier.

Final paragraph: "High windows gleam through the snowstorm... everything around is clothed in feathery snow. Now lofty and serene rises The Factory—sacred to Labour, the Master of the World. And over it our glorious Russian winter showers her diaphanous gems."

Which might be good stuff for the home market, but Uncle Joe's censors should never have let it get outside Russia.

The gladiators went on strike

APPARENTLY you come to do as the Romans did.

Novelist Arthur Koestler doesn't think so, anyway. His newest book, *The Gladiators*, draws an amazing parallel between the Roman world of 73 B.C. and the world today.

Koestler doesn't mention the parallel, of course. He is too clever a novelist for that. But it cannot be missed in this ironic tale of the Slave War.

Showmen in Roman times had problems even as they have today—not entertainment tax, but the high wastage of trained gladiators. After all one had to die in each duel!

And when about 70 gladiators went on strike by running off just before duels were about to commence, there were more problems to be solved.

The Gladiators is the story of Crispus, a uninspiring Gaul, and Spartacus, who lead the gladiators against the Roman State.

Their venture began well and they founded a new State with visions of making it a Utopia.

But in Roman times (even as today), Mr. Koestler's people didn't want a totalitarian paradise. And so (even as today) they had to have it forced on them. And that, of course, was the beginning of the end for the new State.

Koestler's story of intrigue, insurrection, jealousy and bloodshed shows that human nature has not changed much, if at all, despite the progress we claim to have made in the last 2000 years.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE



"Touring Time"

By KEMP STARRETT

"YOU COME ABOUT FORTY MILE OUTA YER WAY, FRIEND!"

THE ONES WHO GET OFF THE MAIN ROADS AND EXPLORE THE PICTURESQUE LANES GENERALLY END UP IN SOME FARAYARD AS LOST AS LAST YEAR'S TAXES.

"WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?"

IT'LL BE YOUR FAULT, YOU CAN GET OUT IT... EVEN IF YOU WERE STANDING STILL.

DON'T FORGET TO STOP OVER NIGHT AT A FEW OF THOSE QUANT, OFF-THE-BEATEN-PAATH PLACES... SO YOU CAN REALLY BEGLAD TO GET BACK TO YOUR OWN HOME.

THE ONES WHO, AFTER THEY'VE GOTTEN YOU THOROUGHLY CONFUSED, TELL YOU... YOU CAN'T MISS IT.

HISTORIC SPOTS... SEE THAT PLACE? THAT'S WHERE I GOT THE POX... POISONING TWO YEARS AGO.

Now It's MAUREEN's Turn For Me It Was Next Best To Being A Ballet Dancer



MAUREEN GARDNER

THIS 22-year-old champion who today answers the questions of the Editor of the Express Sports School, is Britain's greatest ever woman hurdler. She set a world record in 1948. Married her coach, Geoff Dyson, after the Wembley Olympic Games. Their son, Timothy, is aged nine months. She is now training quickly for Helsinki Olympic Games in 1952.

"RUNNING and hurdling, jumping and throwing, all can be great fun. But the athlete who enjoys his or her events most is the one who takes the trouble to acquire technical skill."—Maureen Gardner.

My first love was ballet. I turned to athletics on medical advice after I had been ill. When my doctor insisted that I should spend as much time as possible in the open air, I decided to take up track running.

Most beginners, and particularly is this true of girls, start with sprinting. My experiment was an almost immediate success.

I won several open handicap sprint races in my first season. I followed those up with wins in the Southern and English championships and went with the British team to the European championships in Oslo.

'THE WORST STARTER'

Then I met Geoffrey Dyson. He was coaching the Oxford University team at the Hilly-road track where my club, the Oxford Ladies' Athletic Club, practises.

He told me I was the worst starter he had ever seen. In the next breath he was advising me to take up hurdling. At 5ft. 8ins. I am reasonably tall for hurdling. And I had the speed that is necessary.

Geoffrey Dyson insists that hurdling is, in fact, sprinting. The hurdles are

obstacles. Technique is a means of ironing out the obstacles. The good hurdler sprints clean through the flight of hurdles. The bad one jumps them. To be a first-class athlete, you must have a trainer. (I married mine.) His job is to spot and correct faults, and hammer into you the importance of style and precision.

Geoffrey Dyson spots every mistake I make. He insists on working until we have got rid of the fault. This might seem a shocking bore to some. But it isn't if you are keen on your sport.

To a lesser degree the spectator, too, should try to understand the technique of the various events. That way lies greater appreciation of the smoothness of the champion and sympathy with the beginner in his or her attempt to hold the stars.

WARMING UP

You will want to know about the routine of training. I am on the track four days, sometimes five each week. Each time I spend about three-quarters of an hour in training.

I start with warming-up jogging and exercises. When you see an athlete running before a competition, these are being done to get the body ready for the extra strain imposed on it by competition.

It is rather like warming up an aero-engine before a plane takes off.

The track suit worn for these exercises is no glamour outfit, but it is designed to conserve the body heat. It acts like a vacuum flask, and should not be removed until just before a race begins.

Some of the exercises I do are of the ordinary "daily dozen" type. Others are evolved from the actual technique of the events themselves. Some are based on sprinting, some on hurdling.

If you are thinking of taking up strenuous training, see your doctor first. However ambitious you may be, your health has the deciding vote.

The most serious training I ever did was in the year leading up to the 1948 Olympic Games. During that time I visited my family doctor once in three months to have a thorough examination.

'GET THAT SLEEP'

Sleep is important, and the amount needed varies from athlete to athlete. I



MAUREEN
A Daily Express portrait

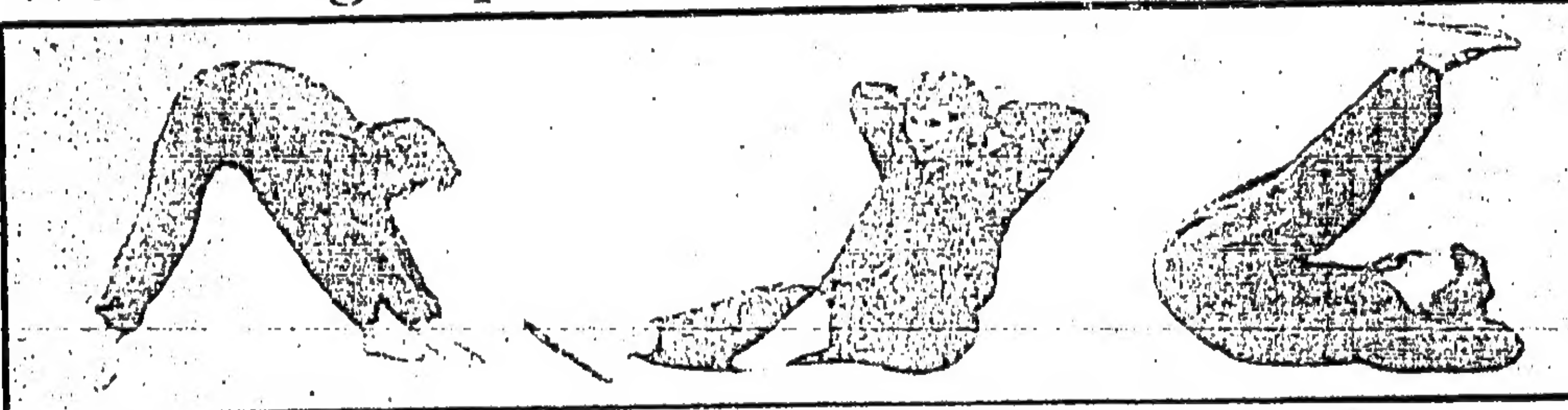
think that most people don't have enough. I try to get to bed by 9.30 p.m. and sleep right through to eight next morning.

Food fads play no part in my training. I like good, plain food and plenty of it. I eat a hefty breakfast, a hearty lunch, and a good supper. I have very little at bedtime. On the day of a competition I particularly avoid pastries, ice cream, and anything heavy. After all that, I'm frightened to death before a race. But I don't suppose I am the only one. I manage to survive.

When it is over I wonder why I got myself in such a state. Then I get ready for the next pre-race flutter of butterflies.

(London Express Service)

Warming up . . . this is how I do it!



Trunk bending . . . to stretch the back and loosen the hips.

To build up stomach muscles and those of the leg that leads over the hurdle.

A strong abdominal exercise and it has a tonic effect on the spine.

When They Box in Siam It's Like Organised Murder As Teeth Fly

By VICTOR KENDRICK

Bangkok, Thailand. The national sport of Siam is something that could pass any day for Murder Incorporated. They call it boxing, but it is more a combination of jiu-jitsu, la savate and street fighting. The stretcher at the ringside gets constant use and the officials wear pith helmets to protect them from flying teeth.

The contestants wear padded gloves to keep them from gouging each other's eyes out, but there the resemblance to boxing ends. Most of the punishment is inflicted by feet, knees and elbows, planted forcefully in any part of the body.

DANCE FIRST

The bouts are limited to five rounds and before each one the

contestants pray to Buddha for success in a graceful, dancing invocation. Standard equipment at the ringside is an ear-splitting Siamese band whose riced pipes, gongs and xylophones help drown out the sounds of mayhem.

One of the up-and-coming youngsters is Sidi Vitheechal, 119 pounds, who is described in the programme as possessing "hurlful elbow, terrible kick and forceful knee." Sadsidh Narupai, 117 pounds, is noted for his "reverse elbow and mallet knee to whirl opponents down by K. O."

The reverse elbow is the blow that sends the teeth flying. When coming out of the in-fighting, each contestant tries to whirl suddenly and catch his opponent with a fly-

ing elbow smashing into face or solar plexus.

KNEES ALSO USED

The knee also is useful in a situation like that, while a well-placed barefoot kick in face or body can do much to shake the composure of one's opponent.

Apart from the style, Siamese boxing follows Western modes. There is a regulation ring, referee, rounds, seconds and time-keeper. The fighters crouch and circle each other for an opening.

The usual technique is to try for a good kick, rush in with fists flying and come out with elbows flying. And Buddha help the guy who can't get out of the way fast enough.—United Press.

Back To Track

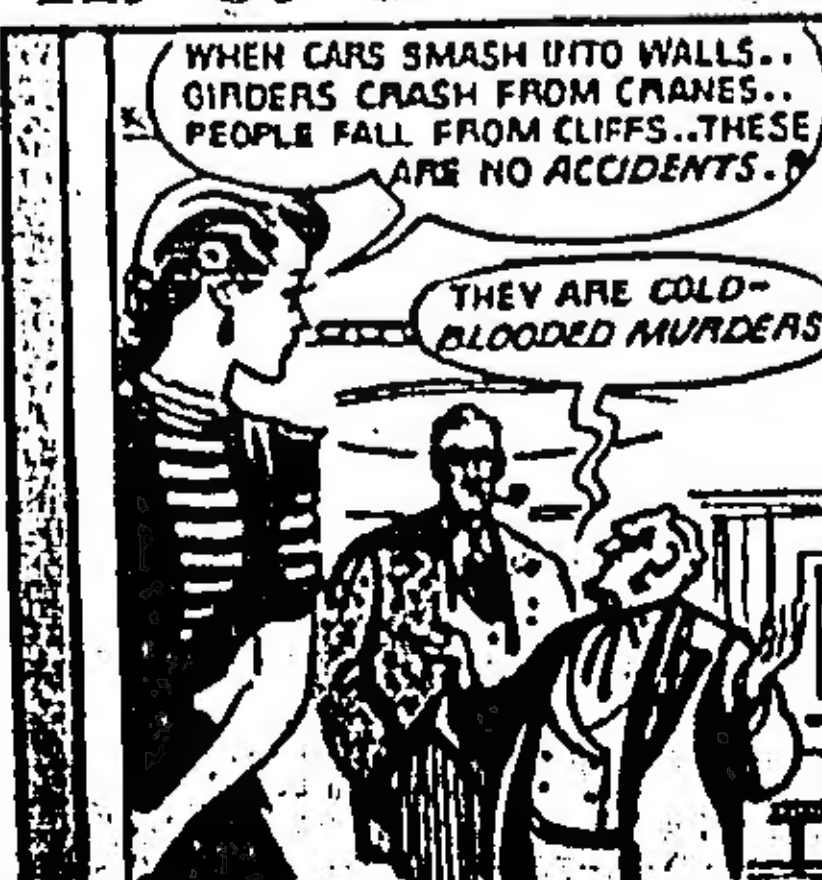
Examinations over, Cambridge University Athletics president Angus Scott is anxious to get down to serious training; again in readiness for the match between the joint Oxford-Cambridge team and the American Universities of Princeton and Cornell on July 1.

He is almost certain to appear in the half-mile at this meeting. He recently clocked 1 min. 55.8 sec. after very little preparation, and should give the Americans plenty to think about.

Scott, who will be 23 in August, will shortly take up an appointment with a Peterborough engineering firm, but intends to continue in active competition.

(London Express Service)

K. O. CANNON



THE RIDDLE OF THE ROME REBELS



LISTEN! WHAT'S THAT NOISE? QUIET!!



THEY ARE GOLD-BLOODED MURDERERS!



As a result you have the University Boat Race as an example to the world, and Henley attracting 22 foreign entries next month.

They do not require to be told who paid the fares of the hotel bill, neither do they instruct a sculler to compete at Barnes when he wishes to compete at Chester.

As a result you have the University Boat Race as an example to the world, and Henley attracting 22 foreign entries next month.

COMPARE BOXING

Compare this with amateur boxing.

A boxing club may hold only two big nights of entertainment each season, and needs

Too Many Petty Restrictions On Sport Amateurs

SAYS HYLTON CLEAVER

Study the sporting scene today. Dodds, a professional footballer, will probably be suspended for selling the attractions of Bogota to other British professionals—and for selling professional footballers to Bogota.

Why shouldn't he? Bergman, world champion, has been suspended for playing table tennis in South Africa without asking permission.

Why should he ask it? In table tennis a man is permitted to charge a fee for his services; there is no distinction between amateur and professional, any more than there is in show-jumping on horse-back or in Australian cricket.

This sort of thing stifles and strangles amateur boxing at the right sort, because many a university boxer, Blue or hospital student is ready to have a fight whenever he feels like it—only to be told he must not.

This veto has nothing to do with money; it is a pure question of restriction—the approach to trade unionism in sport.

I accuse the Amateur Athletic Association of suspecting that West Indian McDonald Bailey, in choosing where he will run and where he will not, must be making a profit out of it somehow.

If this is not what they think, let them stop suggesting as much by their behaviour. If it is, let them say so.

Then we shall all know where we are, including McDonald Bailey.

How fantastic all this interference! Who would dare dictate to a golfer where he should play golf next Sunday, or tell a wandering cricketer whether he is to play for the Stiles or the Free Foresters this week-end?

Surely to goodness amateur sportsmen are free! Governing bodies are not set up to tell us when, where and how often to take our exercise, but to lay down simple rules for match play.

LAW-MAKERS

The only sports in which sportsmen are free are those over which governing bodies are there for the sole purpose of law-making.

Take rowing. The Amateur Rowing Association organises no championships whatsoever. They do not care who goes to race in America or Christmas, or whether a London eight races at Antwerp in June.

They do not require to be told who paid the fares of the hotel bill, neither do they instruct a sculler to compete at Barnes when he wishes to compete at Chester.

As a result you have the University Boat Race as an example to the world, and Henley attracting 22 foreign entries next month.

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As a result you have the University Boat Race as an example to the world, and Henley attracting 22 foreign entries next month.

BRAZILIAN FOOTBALLERS TO GET £600 BONUS EACH FOR WORLD CUP VICTORY

BY ALAN HOBY

I received a cable the other day which made me blink with amazement. The message it contained was particularly startling because it arrived on the eve of our footballers' departure for Brazil and the World Cup.

It read: "Brazilian players earning between £40 and £120 monthly during World Cup competition will also be paid £600 per man if they win the final."

And what will our England players receive? Just £20 a match plus £10 a week summer wages.

It just shows you into what a financial fool's paradise this World Cup competition has already degenerated.

It also shows how fantastic this whole South American Soccer set-up has become, including the Bogota business.

ILL-ADVISED

Quite honestly, I think that any footballer who flies off to Bogota now is ill-advised.

While I certainly retain my view that English football stars should be paid what they are worth, I believe that Alex ("Sandy") Forbes has made one of the wisest moves of his life in sticking with Arsenal.

As for Rio, the World Cup organising committee could have eliminated all these big-money bonuses long ago by framing a rule giving all players £50 a match, irrespective of nationality.

They should also have thrown in the warning that any nation found infringing this rule would at once be tossed out of the competition.

But they didn't do this and, as a result, our boys are being

plunged into a fanatical national atmosphere where, with an extra £600 per man at stake, anything can—and probably will—happen.

THE WORLD'S BEST

What of our playing chances in Brazil?

I don't share the general pessimism that we shall be man-gled by the Spaniards, mass-

aged by the Italians, and murdered by the Brazilians.

We have in Ted Williams (goal), Jack Aston (back), Billy Wright (wing half), Wilf Mannion (inside forward), and Tom Finney and Stanley Matthews (wingers), six of the finest footballers in their positions in the world.

And although we have lost Neil Franklin, forgotten Tom Lawton, and ignored Leslie Compton, players like Laurie Hughes, Stan Mortensen, Eddie Bully, Alf Ramsey, Jimmy Dickinson, Roy Bentley, Ted Ditchburn, Laurie Scott, Nicholson, Taylor, Watson, Cockburn, Milburn, Mullen, and Eckerley represent more than £500,000 worth of exceptional talent.

IT WILL BE NOISY

Mind you, I would have been happier if I had known that the England team is staying at some quiet spot instead of at a swank beach-front hotel in Copacabana, expensive suburb of Rio.

In Copacabana the traffic is tremendous, the heat intense, and the noise unrelenting.

Annual stayed here and it does seem incredible that a quieter hotel was not found where the players could get a good night's rest.

Even so, we have a good team. All I ask is that it will be super-fit, super-tough, and super-confident.

And for heaven's sake don't let's be too gentlemanly in Rio. If a foreign star kicks the life out of one of our boys—and it has happened elsewhere—I pray that he won't step back like a polite little white-shirted ambassador and murmur "After you, Claude."

WE MUST FIGHT

To win—and that's what we're out there for—we need a side which will crash into the tackle and fight from the first whistle.

So let's set within the rules like rugged competitors—because if we don't we may as well cancel our hopes now.

HEROIC HOGAN

I don't know what you think about it but if there was such an award as the Hoby Gold Medal for sheer Gallantry it would go this year to America's Ben Hogan.

When he won the National Open Golf Championship at Ardmore, Pennsylvania, last week, with a score of 69 after a triangular play-off with Lloyd Mangrum (73) and George Fazio (75), it was a case of an indomitable little man coming back from the doors of death to do it.

Sixteen months ago Hogan's life was despatched after a murderous crash in which his car collided with a ten-ton bus.

As a result, his legs were sliced and slashed by the surgeon's knife, he had a blood clot in one leg and was told that, if he lived, he would never play golf again.

RECORD EQUALLED

Afterwards, when he was hobbling about again, he could get around a golf course only in a wheelchair.

Eventually he found he could walk gloriously if his legs were braced with wire and elastic.

Yet a few weeks ago "Little Red-Head" as they call Hogan in the States, equalled the world record for 72 holes on the par 70 course when he won the Greenbrier open tournament by

10 strokes with rounds of 64, 64, 63, 66.

The Duke of Windsor presented Hogan with the £3,000 cheque.

Even then he had to rest when his legs swelled up after 15 minutes or so of exertion.

He would never have got round at all without his elastic supports which he was wearing again last week and which helped to keep him going when he could scarcely sit down.

Said Laurie Lucas, Britain's Walker Cup captain, last week: "For sheer guts I know nothing to equal it."

America is now bracketing Hogan with Bobby Jones as the greatest golfer of all time.

UNSPORTING

To suspend two of our best girl athletes for a year without telling them—or us—what "crimes" they are supposed to have committed seems to me a clear case of autocracy gone mad.

It is hardly the way to encourage our budding boys and girls to become champions at a time when Britain desperately needs all the champions she can get.

If Sylvia Cheeseman and Doris Batten have fractured some rule of the Women's Amateur Athletic Association and have indeed proved "not amenable to discipline" let us know what it is they have done wrong.

In my view it is unsporting and un-British to punish people without first letting them know the charges. Fair play demands that the facts should be told.

TOOK 7,800 WICKETS

Watching a cricket match on the common at Chislewood, Herts, last week, was W. M. Marsh, veteran slow bowler for Hertfordshire and Hampshire.

In his day he took 7,800 wickets in club and minor counties cricket. Record for first-class cricket is held by Wilfred Rhodes (4,183).

Total of 7,800 wickets taken by W.M. Marsh, of Herts and Hampshire is not a record. Dr E.M. Grace took 12,978 wickets. He made 76,700 runs as well.

Eric Howgrave, playing in the Chislewood match for Hertfordshire Gentlemen against the local side, who won by two wickets, had the amazing analysis in a recent club game of 13 overs, 13 maidens, five wickets. He's a fast medium bowler, too.

'THE MILLER' AGAIN

Golden Miller, 23 years old, wonder steepclimber of the 30s, will parade before the crowds again at the International Horse Show which opens at the White City on July 22.

He is coming from retirement, and he should be a special cheer for the horse who broke racing records by winning the Cheltenham Gold Cup every year from 1932-36 and the Grand National in 1934.

He will be part of the parade in which famous and legendary characters will be impersonated on horseback—from the Black Prince to the Yellow Earl—Lord Londale.

(London Express Service)

The Same For Both Sides

E. L. Cozier, of the Caribbean Press Association, did not like the Manchester Test wicket. But in his message home to the West Indies he expressed dislike also of the statements made to the newspapers as tending to leave "a bitter, unpleasant taste."

Conditions, he points out, were the same for both sides.

WHISKED BACK

Another quotation from his report points to one probable grouse. "I only have one criticism," he writes, "the tour is too strenuous for players unaccustomed to cricket six days a week. Perhaps that cannot be helped."

"Well and good, I accept that, but—and most emphatically—this is a shame that the West Indian Cricket Board of Control should have arranged to whisk them off back to the West Indies a mere four days after the final match."

"The New Zealanders had a full month to see something of the country and to enjoy themselves. I have known for a long time that the WIBC have no head; can it be that they have no heart either?"

—BUCK HARRIS.

(London Express Service)



PUZZLES

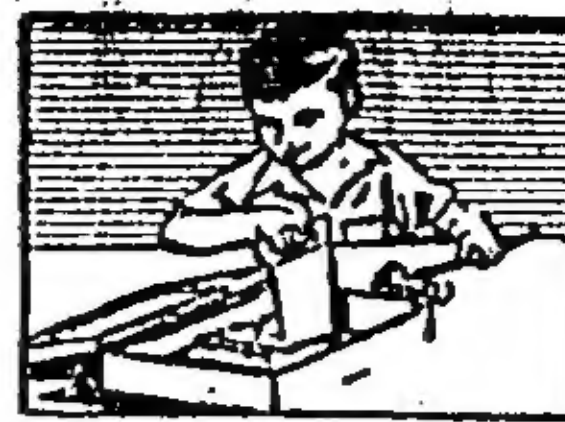


STORIES



HOBBIES

The BOYS and GIRLS PAGE



CRAFTS



GAMES



JOKES

FOR THE CHILDREN, ANOTHER INSTALMENT OF THE Enid Blyton SERIAL, *Five Fall into Adventure*

How Jo escaped

What has happened

Julian, Dick and Anne went to stay with Grandma, their cousin, and her dog Timmy. Many strange things happened. Grandma was kidnapped by a man called Red, and a girl called Jo escaped from the tower, but to their astonishment, when they saw the door, they were not Jo, but Jo's mother and Jo is the daughter of one of the men who has unlocked the door.

CHAPTER 22

"JO!" said Simmy. "Well, of all the... well JO!"

Jake recovered first. "What's all this?" he said, roughly, to Simmy. "What's Jo doing here? How did she get here? Where's the other kid, the one we caught?"

"How do I know?" said Simmy, still staring at Jo. "Look here, Jo—what are you doing here? Go on, tell us. And where's the other kid?"

"Hunt round the room and see if you can find her!" said Jo.

The two bewildered men didn't know what to think. They had come to get George—and had only found Jo!

But how—why—what had happened? They didn't know what to do. Neither of them wanted to go back and tell Red. So they began to search the room feverishly, looking into likely and unlikely places, with Jo jeering at them all the time.

AN angry voice came up the stairway. "Jake! What are you doing up there? Bring that kid down!"

"She's not here!" yelled back Jake, suddenly losing his temper. "What have you done with her? She's gone!"

Red came tearing up, two steps at a time, his eyes narrow with anger. The first thing he saw in the room was Jo—and, of course, he thought she was George.

Red looked at Jake as if he had gone off his head. Then he looked at Jo. He could see no difference between Jo and the absent George at all—short hair, freckles, turned-up nose—he couldn't believe that she was Simmy's daughter.

But Jo had a word to say, too. "Yes, I'm Jo," she said. "I'm not George. She's gone. I'm just Jo, and Simmy's my Dad. You've come to save me, haven't you, Dad?"

Red completely lost his temper.

He went suddenly over to Simmy and struck him hard, his eyes blazing. "Have you double-crossed me?" he shouted.

Simmy was sent flying to the floor. Jake came up immediately to help him. He tripped up Red, and leapt on him.

JO looked at the three struggling, shouting men, and shrugged her shoulders. Let them fight! They had forgotten all about her, and that suited her very well.



Simmy was sent flying to the floor.

The three men inside heard the key turn, and in a trice Jake was at the door, pulling at the handle. "She's locked us in!" he raged. "And shot the bolt, too."

"Yell for Markhoff!" shouted Red, trembling with fury. And Markhoff, left down in the room at the bottom of the stairs, suddenly heard yells and shouts and tremendous hammerings at the door! He tore up at once, wondering what in the world had happened.

"Unlock the door!" shouted Red. "That kid's gone!"

"There's no key!" yelled back Markhoff. "She must have taken it. I'll go after her."

Actually Jo had made her way to the kitchen and found the ladder. She was very hungry and wanted something to eat.

She found a rush bag hanging on a nail and slipped some food into it—sausages, some cheese and bread. Now, if only she could find the others, how they would welcome her!

Jo went cautiously into the front hall. She could hear Markhoff upstairs, still tearing about. She smiled delightedly and slipped over to the door.

THE other three, Julian, Dick and George, were still sitting in the caves, crouched together with Timmy in the centre.

Suddenly Timmy growled. Yes, he actually growled, a thing he hadn't done at all so far. George put a warning hand on him. They all sat up, listening. A voice came to them.

"Julian! Dick! Where are you? I've lost my way!"

"It's Jo!" cried Dick and switched on his torch at once. "Here we are, Jo! How did you escape? What happened?"

"Helps," said Jo, and came gladly over to them. "My, it was dark up in those passages without a torch. Somehow I went the wrong way. That's why I yelled. But I hadn't gone far wrong. Have a sausage roll!"

"What?" cried three hungry voices, and Timmy lifted his head and began to sniff at the rush basket that Jo carried.

Jo laughed and opened the basket. She handed out all the food and the three of them fell on it like wolves. "Jo, you're the eighth wonder of the world," said Dick. "Is there anything left in the basket?"

"Yes," said Jo, and took out the enormous key. "This, look! I locked Red and Jake and Simmy into that tower room, and here's the key. What do you think of that?"

NEXT WEEK — Markhoff Goes Hunting.

(London Express Service)

How I wrote "RIDERS IN THE SKY"

By Stan Jones

(Editor's Note: Stan Jones, a Nevada Forest Ranger, rocked the music world with his ballad about the "bad cowboys" condemned to chase a ghost herd of cattle in the sky. Vaughn Monroe's record version of the song sold more than 2,000,000 copies.)

MY legend starts down in the Southwest part of the country after the Civil War, when the first cowpunchers drifted West, many of them ex-Confederate soldiers, who took up cowpunching for a living.

The Mexican charros who were already running stock had a legend. It had to do with something of a Western version of the "Ride of the Valkyries." In other words, if a man was bad most of his life in that wilderness one day, sooner or later, he would see an apparition in the clouds. That, I suppose, is the basis of the legend.

But the cowboys who come out later weren't always little angels. They told the story a little differently, and it went something like this:

If they saw in the clouds on a very dark and stormy day an apparition of a herd of very wild-looking cows, or animals of one kind or another, and behind this group of cattle they saw a band of riders chasing them, that they would actually have seen the Devil's herd, and the boys that had been condemned to chase that herd.

If they did see it they would be condemned for all time with that bunch of boys to catch the Devil's herd. Well, that was the legend and it was added to and taken away from for many years.

I HEARD it many, many times, and I suppose I was around 14 when another youngster and I were out on the range one morning. We had gone out to a windmill to pull a pin so it wouldn't beat itself to pieces in a storm that was blowing up. On the way back we took a shortcut over a narrow ravine. About halfway up we stopped on the valley floor and on the teeth of the gale was an old cowpuncher who had been graduated to a range rider.

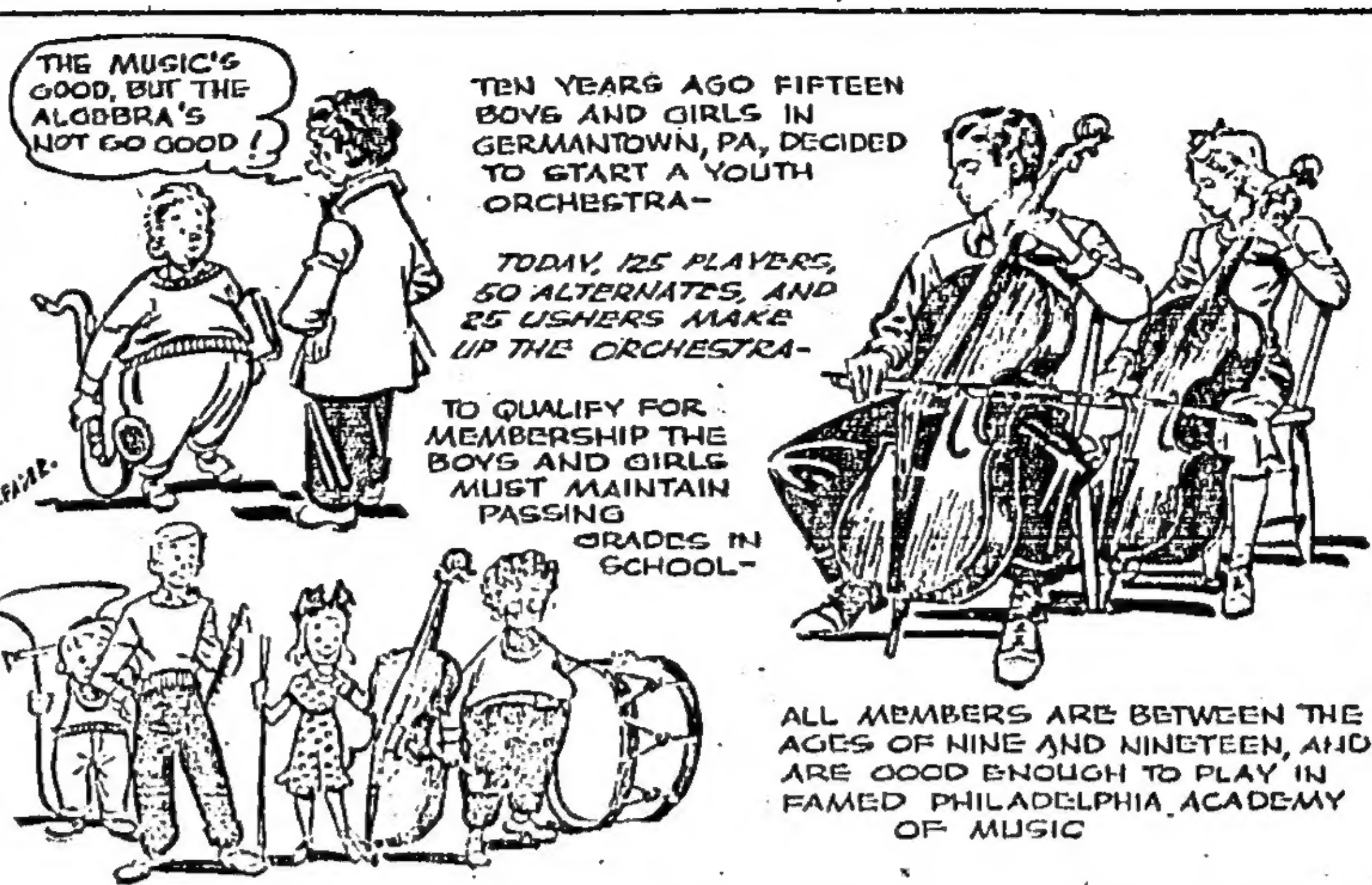
He was no longer able to ride with the rest of the boys and he took care of springs and windmills and one thing and another. When we got up to the old fellow, he punched me in the side and said:

"Son, them are the kind of clouds a man sees the riders in." The next morning I was getting ready to go to school I found out that the old man had dropped dead that night. So far as I know, that is the legend and that is how I came by the song.

ON my birthday last year I was lounging around the house on my day off and I was strumming on my guitar, sort of browsing back through the years, and I happened to think of the old fellow because it happened to be a very dark and cloudy day in Death Valley. And, well—all of a sudden it was almost over.

I think about 25 minutes later the words and music were all finished. Of course the happiest time about the whole song was when I heard Vaughn Monroe boom out with his thunder and put into it what I always thought and hoped would be put into it.

(London Express Service)



Youth orchestra began in a back yard

By DAN MURDOCH

FIFTEEN youngsters were enjoying a hot-doggie roast in a back-yard garden. "Let's start an orchestra," someone remarked.

Today, 10 years later, the Germantown Youth Orchestra in Philadelphia, Pa., is the only one of its kind. It has 125 players, 50 alternates, 25 ushers called "Gracie Notes," and a waiting list of hundreds—all between 9 and 19 years old. It has an adult board of directors, a large Mothers' Club in charge of social and welfare problems, a "faculty" of five professional musicians on salary, and a budget this year of \$25,000. And it is good to join.

Furthermore, the players must always be evenly divided into three groups—advanced, intermediate, and elementary. That way, all ages get equal chance. Many an applicant gets turned down for the odd reason that he's too good!

Three years ago, to save taxes and to put the organization on the best business footing, the orchestra became a non-profit corporation registered with the state's Department of Welfare. Adults still handle only fund-raising and business problems. Musical and social activities are entirely in charge of the players themselves, guided by "Pop" Leman, the conductor, and his four assistants. Players meet monthly, with no adults present, to discuss their problems in their own way, and to send ideas, requests, and requests, to the board of directors.

Annual auditions are held for orchestra members who want to be soloists, vocal or instrumental. Three winners each year perform on the Academy of Music stage—their first step toward fame and fortune in a musical career.

At first, players and money both came from the Germantown neighborhood. But in the last five years youngsters have been applying from every section of the city and from towns in three nearby states. So for the first time this year subscriptions and contributions will be accepted from all neighborhoods. The board of directors will be doubled, and parents' committees will be formed in all neighborhoods.

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Other "grads" are in big symphony orchestras, or studying in colleges and conservatories. Some are being financed by scholarships obtained through their work in the orchestra. Bevan P. Y. Jordan, Nancy's father and the first chairman of the orchestra's advisory board, is still very active as president of the board of directors. According to him, the kids presently forced their parents into the project, when many "experts" predicted it would soon fall like most other such enterprises. He's quite proud of the 10-year record. Musically, the orchestra is "top," even though "Pop" Leman can have advanced performers in only one-third of the chairs. Educationally and culturally, the orchestra has done an even greater job.

The orchestra has strict rules. Players can be dropped for absence without excuse, and for falling behind in their regular school work. All players, and especially those who get "scholarships" to learn new instruments, must promise not to stop taking private lessons from their present teachers.

Knarf and Hanid were quite certain now that Smartie Sparrow was anything but smart. But they didn't tell him. They just smiled.



THE END

Fancy footwork is this boy's hobby

By PAULA RICHARDSON

FRED ASTAIRE and Gene Kelly had better be looking to their laurels, because dancing has become an increasingly popular pastime for hundreds of talented youngsters all over the country.

Typical of the many juniors who can rival even the movie stars with fancy footwork is Frederick Grover Clark of Memphis, Tenn. As you might guess, that's too long a name for a feet-footed kid who would rather dance than eat—almost, that is—so everybody just calls him Scooter.

Scooter has always thought tap dancing "lots of fun" and it has been his hobby ever since he can't remember. He's so good at it that he even helped an instructor teach a beginner's class in dancing two summers ago.

But nothing can keep him away from his dancing very long, and it's a rare occasion that you don't hear him practicing and tuning about the house, while his mother plays a piano accompaniment.

Like all the rest of America's young dancing set, Scooter dreams of the time he'll see his name in lights on a Broadway marquee. If wishing will make it so, it's a cinch he'll get that desire!

From his glittering, required dancing costumes, complete with tails, to his nimbleness and assurance, Scooter looks the part of a professional dancer.

After sliding back the panel, the toy clown leads the way into the dark cavity beyond, and Rupert finds they are behind a very thick curtain. They listen cautiously, and then advance into the room. "Miranda wants to belong to a princess," whispers the clown.

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Well, the little princess who lives in this palace will come in here before long, and she'll sit in that chair, so let's prepare for her," Rupert states. "There's something queer about this," he says. "How do you know that all that is going to happen?" But the clown doesn't trouble to answer.

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Rupert and Miranda—28

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Other "grads" are in big symphony orchestras, or studying in colleges and conservatories. Some are being financed by scholarships obtained through their work in the orchestra. Bevan P. Y. Jordan, Nancy's father and the first chairman of the orchestra's advisory board, is still very active as president of the board of directors. According to him, the kids presently forced their parents into the project, when many "experts" predicted it would soon fall like most other such enterprises. He's quite proud of the 10-year record. Musically, the orchestra is "top," even though "Pop" Leman can have advanced performers in only one-third of the chairs. Educationally and culturally, the orchestra has done an even greater job.

The orchestra has strict rules. Players can be dropped for absence without excuse, and for falling behind in their regular school work. All players, and especially those who get "scholarships" to learn new instruments, must promise not to stop taking private lessons from their present teachers.

Knarf and Hanid were quite certain now that Smartie Sparrow was anything but smart. But they didn't tell him. They just smiled.

THE END

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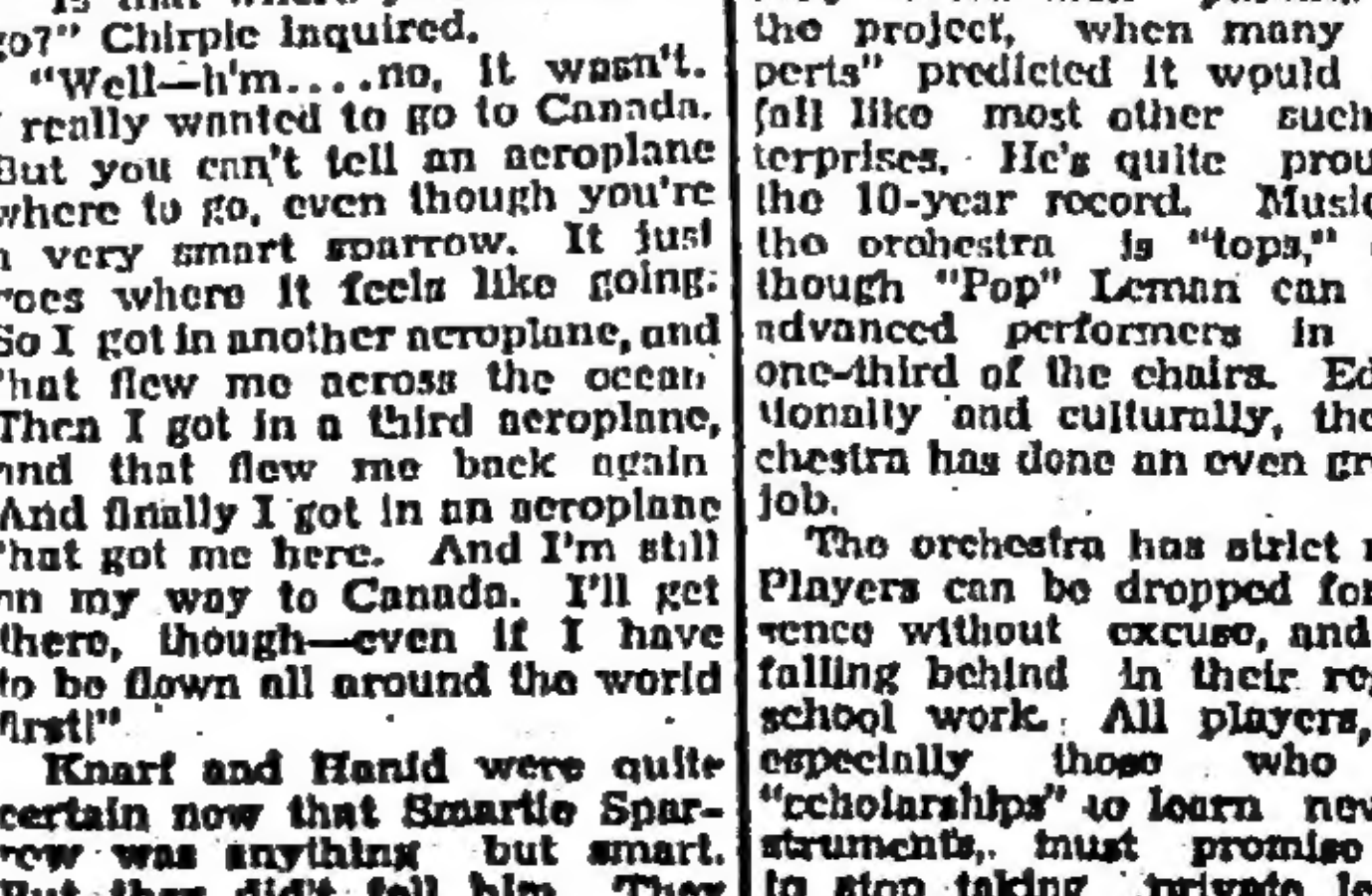
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THE END



THE END

The weather stays fine at Wimbledon

TOP AMERICANS UPSET BY SEDGMAN AND MCGREGOR

Wimbledon, June 30.

The weather was again fine and sunny when the Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Championships were continued here today. The main items on the day's programme were the third round matches of the women's singles, which were being reduced to the last 16, the stage reached in the men's singles yesterday.

COUNTY CRICKET

Hants beat Middlesex by 7 wickets

London, June 30. The following are the results of first-class cricket matches played today:

At Portsmouth: Hampshire beat Middlesex by seven wickets. Middlesex 252 and 142 (Leslie Compton 68, Shackleton, right-arm fast, 41, medium bowler, five for 41), Hampshire 343 and 52 for three.

At the Oval: Surrey drew with Cambridge University. Surrey 372 for eight declared and 185 for one declared (Eric Bedford 113 not out, Fletcher 66), Cambridge University 205 and 246 for six (Dewes 68).

At Chichester: Sussex drew with Glamorgan. Sussex 239 and 254 (John Langridge 47, James Langridge 61), Glamorgan 303 and 120 for four.

At Nottingham: Nottingham drew with Worcester. Nottingham 401 for six declared and 83 for one declared (Eric Bedford 113 not out, Fletcher 66), Worcester 465 (Outchouff 15, Bird 68, Whiting 58, Stocks five for 82).

At Ashby de la Zouch: Oxford University beat Leicestershire by seven wickets. Leicestershire 256 and 275, Oxford University 440 for nine declared and 94 for three.—Reuter.

More harmony in Europe

Paris, June 30. M. Henri Queuille, the French Prime Minister-designate, placed the Schuman Plan in the forefront of his programme when he asked the National Assembly today for a vote of confidence.

He appealed for a national unity which would give greater force to the happy initiative of Robert Schuman, which is destined to give us greater harmony in Europe.

Referring to the war in Korea and the "suddenly worsened" international situation, Mr. Queuille said: "We live in a world in which moral values have been and are being rudely assailed, but for the first time the principles of collective security are being applied."

"Side by side with America and the Democracies will join their efforts to ensure the triumph of the forces of law. This is the best guarantee for the future of the civilized world."—Reuter.

NOMINAL SENTENCE

Nice, June 30. A court here today imposed a nominal sentence of two days' imprisonment on Deter Ionescu, a Rumanian bank official who entered France a few days ago, for crossing the frontier illegally.

Ionescu, who has asked the authorities for permission to stay here, said he was on a plane bound for Bucharest when other passengers held up a pilot at pistol point and compelled him to make for Belgrade.

He worked as a labourer in Slovenia for some time, then made his way to Trieste, where he was placed in a displaced persons camp. He escaped and crossed Italy to the French frontier.—Reuter.

WEEK-END SPORT

TODAY

Lawn Bowls—First Division League: KRGC v KCC; Recreio "A" v HKFC; Recreio "B" v IRC; KDC v PRC.

Second Division League: KRGC v FC; KCC v HKFC; HKFC v PRC; IRC v KCC.

Third Division League: KCC v CCC; KCC v PRC; IRC v Recreio.

TOMORROW

Lawn Bowls—Second round matches in the Colony Open Bunka Championship at Hong Kong Cricket Club, Kowloon Bowling Green Club, Craggower Cricket Club and Takoo Dock Club.

Results In Detail

WOMEN'S SINGLES

Third Round

Miss Doris Hart (US) beat Miss Gern Hoehing (Britain) 6-2 and 6-3.

Miss Louise Brough (US) beat Mrs Joy Mottram (Britain) 6-2 and 6-3.

Mrs R. McKelvie (Britain) beat Mrs M. King (Britain) 6-4 and 6-4.

Mrs E. Andrews (Britain) beat Mrs G. Ducaille (France) 2-6, 7-5 and 6-2.

Miss Gussie Moran (US) beat Mrs A. Seghers (France) 6-4 and 6-2.

Miss Nancy Chaffee (US) beat Mrs S. Hamersley (Britain) 6-2 and 6-0.

Second Round

Sumant Misra and Mrs C. Carlin (India) beat E. Filby and Mrs T. Cowney (Britain) 4-6, 6-4 and 6-2.

John Brown (Australia) and Mrs C. Harrison (Britain) beat Nandana Nath (India) and Mrs H. Phillips (Britain) 6-2 and 6-1.

V. Conaple and Mrs. Manfredo (Italy) beat A. Huber and Mrs E. Neumann (Austria) 1-0, 6-4 and 6-3.

WEISS REMAINS

Misra was not at his best. His backhand on the volley was off and his smashing was somewhat wild, though his forehand drives to the corners were usually winners and his service was excellent.

His partner for Calcutta

seconded him ably and the Indian pair ran out the winners, aided by the many mistakes of their opponents.

The diminutive Argentine

Champion, Mrs Maria Weiss, remains to challenge the American and British players in the singles.

Mrs Weiss, recovering from a shoulder

injury, beat Mrs Duquet, of Britain, by 6-4, 6-3 to reach the last 16, in which there are nine Americans and six British players.

Kay scores a knock-out

Melbourne, June 30.

The Siamese welterweight, Patta Perik, was beaten on a technical knock-out in the seventh round here tonight by the Victorian welterweight, Johnny Kay.

The fight was scheduled for 12 rounds.

Perik, scaled 10 stone, 5½ pounds and Kay 10 stone, 10½ pounds.—Reuter.

Back to Nature—Workmen bring in rubble to cover the ruins of a former plant Nazi anti-aircraft tower in the French sector of Berlin. More than 1000 laborers, working in two shifts, are employed. The city park commission will plant trees and shrubbery on the 250-foot-high hill in an effort to make a park out of it.



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Back Page Briefs

Bonn, June 30.—Representatives of the German coal and steel industries will accompany the German Schuman Plan delegation when it returns to Paris this weekend to resume its talks after a week's recess during which it came home for consultations. Government quarters said today.

The delegation, which is headed by Professor Walter Hallstein, has now worked out a memorandum representing German point of view after consultations with members of the Advisory Economic and Legal Committee here.—Reuter.

Paris, June 30.—Premier-designate Henri Queuille called on Friday for joint action by all democracies to support the United States and British moves in the Far East. He said this would be "the best guarantee for the future of the civilized world."—United Press.

Paris, June 30.—M. Albert Sarraut, chief French delegate, was today unanimously elected permanent Chairman of the conference of representatives of France, Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos, which is being held at Pau, South-West France.—Reuter.

Ottawa, June 30.—Canada's Defence Minister, Mr. Brooke Claxton today said that two or three Canadian destroyers would leave the naval base at Esquimaux on Vancouver Island and probably head for Pearl Harbour to be in a position to spearhead action in Korea if required by the United Nations.—Reuter.

London, June 30.—General Howard Kennedy, director of the United Nations Relief and Works Agency for the Middle East, today conferred with Mr. Kenneth Younger, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, on the situation in the Middle East.

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Economic programme for China

San Francisco, June 30. China is to launch an economic programme next year — the first national economic plan the country has had, Peking Radio said tonight.

Inauguration of the programme was decided upon a recent meeting of the Committee of Financial and Economic Affairs of the Cabinet in Peking.

The broadcast said, that the committee would carry out the following four major tasks in the second half of this year:

(1) It will consolidate unified control and direction of financial and economic affairs, balancing of income and expenditure and the stabilising of prices.

(2) It will continue the readjustment of industry and commerce and will convene industrial and commercial group meetings to solve problems of production and marketing for both publicly and privately-operated enterprises.

(3) It will draw up an outline of the nation's first Five-Year Plan (1951-55) to restore and build up the country's economy.

(4) It will draw up a draft budget of State revenue and expenditure for 1951.—Reuter.

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